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THE ROSE AND THE RING.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Bertha was combing her beautiful hair,
While her face was sad with a shade of care;
Slowly she twisted each curl of gold,
Slowly she braided each heavy fold;
Stopping to gaze in the mirror dim,
With its tarnished carving of griffin grim;
Over the taper's uncertain ray,
At the beautiful face in a wistful way;
Then down at the shabby and mended shoe,
At the plain white dress and the sash of blue;
On the little pillow laid with care,
Kerchief and ribbon in order there;
Then back with that troubled glance again
To the seeming source of her present pain.

Before her [illegible]ashing diamond lay,
And a wh[illegible]se wet with the dew of May;
This—[illegible]lancing gleams of light,
That[illegible]fragrant petals white;
Thi[illegible] note that held her bound,
Be[illegible]he wore its shining round;
Th[illegible] tender lover's prayer,
Th[illegible]rose might die in her folded hair;
Th[illegible]at should be but a jewelled key,
Un[illegible]ing the fetters of poverty;
Th[illegible]-which whispered with fragrant breath
Of [illegible]thful love, ever true as death.

She tried the ring, and a woman's smile
For a trinket's gleam lit her eye the while;
She held the rose with a softer grace,
Its white leaves cool to her blushing face;
Then kissed it softly, and softly said:
"Nay, I had thought the old love was dead;
It must die to-night. Poor rose! good-bye;
Poverty stands 'twixt you and me.
I, for the glory that wealth will bring,
Loving the flower, yet choose the ring."

* * * * * *

Long years went by, then a dying one
Came, as October days were done;
Through the falling leaves to the cottage door,
To rest in the cottage bed once more.
The faded face, with its look of pain,
Glanced as of old in the glass again;
The ring had brought her its promised boon,
But its power to charm her had vanished soon.
Then came ill-health, then widowhood,
So she longed for the grateful solitude,
And came to die.
Ere the moon was old,
The heart in the waveless breast was cold;
Yet over it still lay a golden shell,
Which had guarded a tender secret well;
For only her weeping another knows
That it shelters within it a faded rose.

NORWOOD;
OR
VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER LIV.

A NIGHT AND A DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The first step had been taken. But it might be called a step away from danger, rather than a step toward safety. They were safe at least from the peril of waters. On looking back, one now could by the morning light see into what a dangerous position they had wandered. It was a narrow ravine, cloven through solid rock, apparently by some convulsive agency rather than by the slow wearing of waters. When the stream was low it occupied but a small space. But heavy rains brought down from the mountain sides such sheets of water as had the power suddenly to swell the rill to a torrent, and as the exit was quite narrow, the waters, if rains were violent or continued, set back and filled up the whole space.

The place on which Pete now stood with his almost helpless burden, was situated at the mouth of what in a thousand years might become a lateral ravine, sloping toward the gulf from which they had just escaped. There was a depression in the rocks, a kind of rude channel, that fortunately did not pursue a straight steep course, but zigzagged in such a manner that a very strong and agile man might climb to the summit. Had Pete only himself to rescue he would have gone up almost as quickly as a crow could. But his own safety without the rescue of Barton would have been a great disaster to his simple, faithful soul.

Laying his burden carefully down, Pete began to explore the way. He soon ascended to the summit. But there were points where even Pete Sawmill, with the strength of three men, could not have conveyed himself and Barton too. In so far as mere lifting was concerned, Pete could have carried Barton up as easily as a bear could carry her cub in her mouth. But to lift and spring at the same time, with the dead weight of a sick man upon him, transcended even Pete's power. Could Barton have helped himself enough to cling around Pete, it would have bettered matters. But the severe strain of battle for two days and two nights, his wounds, and the exposure to cold and rain among the rocks that night, had now rendered Barton quite helpless, and Pete was even afraid that he might die on his hands.

After surveying the several sides and selecting the most feasible, Pete returned to Barton and slowly and with extreme difficulty conveyed him, little by little, to a point more than halfway to the summit. Here he was confronted by an obstacle that seemed likely to stop him. On every side but one the rocks were insuperable. But on the right a perpendicular faced rock was laced with roots, and overhung with the branches of some stunted trees in a way that, if Pete could but have the use of both arms and feet, he could easily ascend. But how to hold on to Barton and climb with but one hand!

At length, Pete's ingenuity vanquished that difficulty. Barton seemed like a dying man. He moaned when any violent exertion stirred up his pains. He was quite helpless. Pete first tried by passing his sash about him to lash Barton to his own breast. That would not do. He then attempted to loop the sash under Barton's arms, and to pass the other part over his own neck. Both endeavors failed for the same reason. Barton hung down so low that he was quite unmanageable. At length, an idea struck Pete. Whether it was an instinct derived from his pre-existent state, wherein Pete must have been a stalwart bear, or whether he remembered that animals carry their young in their mouths, or whether, still more probably, he remembered the pennies which he had earned (and dran up) in Norwood, for lifting men off from the ground with his teeth, he determined to bring a new force into play that should still leave him the full use of his hands and feet. Winding the sash tightly round and round Barton, close under his arms, he seized it with his mouth, and, straightening himself up, he found that Cathcart's feet fairly cleared the ground. He now, with his arms and legs free, could without difficulty climb the rock. While Pete was thus occupied, two pair of eyes were peering out from above upon him, with an expression that boded no good.

"What dat, Sam? Look a dar—what dat, I say?"

"Oh, Lord, I tink he be bar!"

"Dat bar's got a big cub, den—dat's what I say! Mighty strong mouf!"

"Oh, lord, lord! I tink it be debbil—cotcht a sinner—gwine to eat him up—oh, lord-a-marcy!"

"Shut up, nigger! I know what ee be! it's a reb. Don't you see his'n clo's? He's reb ossifer! Git me some rocks, nigger! If he tote dat feller under here, I smash 'im head!"

Pete had come to the very place designated, and our story would have had an abrupt termination had not the more intelligent of the two negroes above observed something in the uniform, as Pete laid down his burden, that looked less like a rebel than he at first supposed. Whereupon, a parley ensued.

"I say, dar, you better stop!"

Pete, much surprised, looked in every direction at this summons; but could see no one.

"Who's that?" he said; and instantly imagining help at hand, he added: "Where are you? Jist come and give us a lift, will ye? I'm afeered the gineral will die."

Two woolly heads protruded from the bushes, on the summit above him, the one looking cautiously and the other timidly down upon him.

"Who be dat? W'at you got dar? Rebel?"

"No, it is Gineral Cathcart of the Union army. We got away from the rebs last night. He's badly wounded. Can't ye give a fellow a lift now?"

"You wait now, I tell ye! Sam, you go for Massa Jacob, quick."

It was not more than ten minutes, though to Pete it seemed hours, before Jacob appeared, in the form of a comely young man of about twenty-two years of age. His hair was long; his hat something wide of brim, though rather rough; but his speech at once bespoke him of the excellent and honorable family of Friends, or, as the world will have it, Quakers.

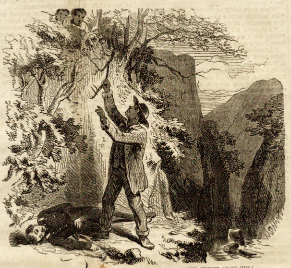
He needed no explanations. Union or rebel, a wounded man must not die unhelped. Dispatching one of his men for some halters, he soon had made a line long enough and strong enough to lift Barton up. Pete was at the summit quite as soon. A walk of about five minutes conveyed them to a rude hut, built originally by charcoal burners, but now patched a little and made tenantable. Pete speedily told his story, and learned, on the other hand, that he had stumbled upon a hiding place of cattle and horses. Within a stone's throw there were a hundred and more cows and oxen, and some three score fine horses, the half of the neat stock and two-thirds of the horses belonging to Paul Hetherington, the father of the comely youth who had rescued them. Several contrabands, who during the war had escaped from Virginia, and who had found employment on Hetherington's farm, were more than willing to retreat into the mountains with the cattle, for reasons of their own safety, while the rebel army remained in the valley.

Jacob Hetherington, fortunately, had some little medical knowledge. He had been much among the wounded at the battle of Antietam. He had already conveyed to Gettysburgh, on two several days, a load of various comforts for the wounded. But, sorely to his regret, he could not devote himself to the work of humanity, being needed at home to superintend this new department in the mountains.

Barton's wounds were at once cleansed and bound afresh. Spirits he had none; but hot coffee was soon prepared. The young Friend put his own coat on Barton, wrapping himself in a blanket.

It was full time for Barton Cathcart to receive some succor. Wounded twice upon Friday afternoon, his weary progress on Saturday, the additional wound on making his escape, the cold rains, the rude kindness of Pete, by which he was dragged through bushes and over rocks, without nourishment, and without stimulants, all this had brought him down to such weakness that he seemed likely to sink away of mere exhaustion. His pulse was very feeble, his skin cold, and his whole system very low. Jacob Hetherington was alarmed. The wound upon his abdomen was likely to be mortal. If the ball had sunk deep within he would die within a few hours, and all his appearance indicated the approach of this catastrophe. Even if no interior part had been sundered, much was to be feared from inflammation, and he was in no state to bear a peritoneal fever.

Jacob Hetherington was a rigid temperance man, as also was his father, and the young man presented such a wholesome cheek, a skin so pure, an eye so unstained with morbid blood, that he was a walking commendation of abstemiousness. Albeit not given to violence, yet, if any one had doubted whether a "total abstainer" could be strong, he had only to repair to some green and grassy spot for a wrestling bout, and every doubt would disappear! Jacob was well satisfied with his own principles and practice; and yet, when he saw Barton's condition he sorely regretted that somebody of an opposite view was not in his camp. He had strictly forbidden the use of intoxicating drinks among his father's hired men, and now, when he would have given a river full of cold water for a pint of whiskey, not a drop was to be had. Jacob questioned Pete on the subject.



[TWO WOOLLY HEADS PROTRUDED FROM THE BUSHES, ON THE SUMMIT ABOVE HIM.]

"Wal, I brought a flask along, but when I got in the rebel camp the [illegible]ent through me mighty quick, and one on 'em pulled out my flask, and sez he, 'Ah, nigger, this pocket pistol is very dangerous—might go off.' I never seed it agin."

"I am afraid that your master will suffer for want of stimulants. He may die for want of a gill of brandy."

Pete was a good deal troubled.

"Brandy? why don't you give 'im whiskey? Our folks give 'em whiskey when the brandy gives out."

"But I have no whiskey. There is none in camp. None of my men ever touch it."

"S'pose you jest ask 'em. Mebbe some on 'em got it accidental like."

Jacob had no hope in the matter. His orders had been peremptory. He knew that his men would obey. Besides he did not believe that they could use whiskey and he not perceive it. Yet he called his men.

"Have any of you got a little whiskey?"

They all looked horror struck!—No, none of them!

"This gentleman will die on our hands, I fear, unless I can procure some immediate relief. Sam, I think you had better go down to the settlement—you might even take one of the colts—and get a flask of whiskey. I will give you a dollar for it."

Great as was Sam's aversion to whisky, he had a yet more terrible dread of rebel soldiers. Anything rather than venture down where he might be caught. Indeed, the urgency of the case awoke in Sam's memory something which he had entirely forgotten.

"Why, sah, I jis 'member, dat Dutchman las' night, had a bottle. I see him drink suin, and den he hide 'em in de rock. He wante me to drink—'course I wouldn't, 'case I knew 'twas whiskey."

Pete was impatient.

"What's the use, you nigger, in lyin' so! If you've got a bottle, you go git it—pretty quick, I say!"

Pete's words were far more efficacious than Jacob's. For Pete had had a pull at that bottle already, and knew its quality. His only doubt respected the amount of contents left. All three of the colored men had tasted it, and none of them hurried themselves.

Sam soon appeared bearing a junk bottle in which a cob served as a cork. He seemed to be an entire stranger to it. He took out the stopper, and looked in to see if there was anything there. He held it up to the sky for the same purpose. He smelt of it.

"I guess um whiskey—spects so! mighty bad stuff," said Sam, with the most virtuous look of disgust at this dangerous substance. "Massa nebber let a nigga have um—put de debbil in de nigga."

The grave smile that lay upon Jacob's face indicated that he had his own opinion of this new miracle of whiskey from the rocks, and of the story about the Dutchman hiding it there, but he eagerly took it, turned out its contents—alas! but slender—into a tin cup of coffee.

"Better than none, but far from sufficient. I would give thee another dollar for a bottle full."

His master's wishes were a law to Sam—with such sanction appended; he renewed his search, and faith and diligence were rewarded. That Dutchman had hid another bottle in the same place! but, cunningly as he had secreted them, Sam found them,—showing that he had the natural gifts for a detective under the excise law.

As soon as Barton had been attended to, Pete left him in charge of Jacob Hetherington, while he himself went with the plantation negroes to view the cattle. Pete's great size, his lofty manners toward his humble attendants, the awfulness of that knowledge which they thought he possessed, served to make him an object of hardly less than reverence.

Descending rapidly from the point where the cabin was, they came to a kind of basin, sheltered on all sides by ridges. It might once have been a lake. From springs breaking out here ran that stream which had nearly swallowed up Pete during the night. And the reason of its sudden rise was soon apparent. All the rain falling on these slopes was conveyed as by a tunnel to the one outlet, and an hour's hard rain was enough to set the brook a roaring; while a half day's rain sent down through the narrow defile such torrents of water as stirred it to a rage and a violence awful to behold!

In this mountain basin were collected about a hundred head of cattle, of Paul Hetherington's and his neighbors. Rude divisions were attempted to keep them somewhat separate, lest being strangers they should punish each other. For, cattle partake of human feelings in this respect, that they quarrel with all that do not belong to their barnyard. In spite of short commons they looked remarkably well. A rebel quartermaster would have blessed his luck could he have plumped down on this mountain nest!

But it was the horses that gave to Pete his chief delight. They were hitched singly or in pairs along every little level spot, on terraces, and in snug coves. Two teams of huge grey Conestoga horses; a span of sorrels, with light manes and tails, with a brown stripe along from withers to rump; a pair of blood-bay mares, daintily built, and yet strong and serviceable; a score of brawny, hard-featured work horses, eight fine brood mares, a pen with five or six fine colts, two full-blood Messenger mares, and a full-blood stallion, between chestnut and sorrel, with white feet, and with a disposition not the most amiable. He seemed angry at his rude quarters. He was savage as a Roman exile. As Pete came toward him, Old Duke lashed out at him in a style that Pete regarded as an invitation to a funeral, and which would have led to one if Pete had not been on his guard.

But that horse was never foaled that Pete feared. He passed toward his head, and though the vicious beauty laid back his ears till they seemed to sink into his head, and showed an ugly muzzle, Pete fixed his eye full on him, spoke in low, decided tones, moved quietly but firmly right up to him, and in a minute the stallion eat out of his hand, and whinnied when Pete left him. If his companions had reverenced Pete before, they worshipped him now. This fascination which he seemed to exercise over the animal kingdom addressed itself to Sam's understanding far more effectively than if Pete had spoken ten modern languages and built St. Peter's church.

The mountain air was peculiarly exhilarating to Pete. The longer he stayed with these contrabands the more amiable he became, and when he returned to the cabin after an hour's absence, he was extremely gracious; he laughed, and chuckled, and sputtered by turns, in a manner which, in any other person, would have indicated an over dose of whiskey. It could not be, however, that Tom had secreted any more mountain dew; for Jacob said that his men were all of them temperate, except, of course, that unlucky Dutchman, who had gone down to prepare fodder and grain to be brought up in the night, and on whose shoulders Sam put all the blame of concealing whiskey! At any rate, Pete fell asleep, as well he might, after the toils of the two days and nights which he had borne in so stalwart a manner.

Jacob Hetherington had grave anxieties. He appreciated Barton's critical condition. It was not possible in this place to render him such service as he instantly needed. He determined, therefore, to get him down to his father's house as soon as possible. As a first step, he set to work to learn whether the rebel army had left the neighborhood and cleared the pass. It was but a mile across from the cattle camp to the pass through which Lee's army were retreating. The stream whose course Pete had followed did not run at right angles with the pass, but, after being followed a half mile back, it came from the right and ran nearly parallel with the road, so that, though Pete had travelled several miles, the point which he reached was not more than a mile from the road. On a careful reconnoissance, Jacob concluded that it would not be safe to venture down much before sundown. As Ewell did not leave the lines before Gettysburgh till about noon of that day, his corps still stretched along the roads and were now entering the defile.

A little before sundown, Pete was roused from sleep into a state of waking bewilderment. He seemed to have forgot every thing and every body, and was in a maze and wonder at his strange surroundings.

The sight of Barton restored his consciousness, and he gradually came to his recollections. A rude litter had been constructed. Halter ropes and odd straps were woven back and forth as a substitute for a canvas bottom. A rough blanket was laid upon it, and Barton laid thereon. The two black servants carried him the first part of the descent and then, they returning to their charge, Jacob and Pete took their places. When they reached the cleared fields it was dusk. Avoiding the roads, Jacob, who knew the whole region familiarly, moved across lots, by ways both nearer and more obscure. It was full dark when they entered the avenue leading up to the wide-faced stone house where Paul Hetherington lived. As they entered the dwelling the change seemed to Pete like a translation from purgatory to heaven. Paul Hetherington stepped forward,—a tall man, strongly built, with a large face, long between the mouth and eyebrows, (as every grand face must be,) a high and wide brow, but wider than high, hair—now changing color—worn long, an eye that was blue when he was calm, but gray when it kindled; and, altogether, such a fine, large man as would, in any company, excite admiration and respect.

His face testified by its texture to right living; by its whole frame and shape to largeness of nature; by its eye and brow to sagacity and thoughtfulness; by its mouth to a suppressed humorsomeness. Here was stuff for a statesman. He might have been an archbishop. Had he been a general, his very presence would have been worth half an army. He might have made anything. He was only a Quaker. Yet one could not help saying:

"What a pity that such a man should have no sphere worthy of his nature!"

The proper reply would have been:

"What a happy land that can afford to have such men for private citizens!"

Martha Hetherington, his wife, about fifty-five years of age, was the very and proper wife for Paul Hetherington. She was of rather full habit; yet her face was pale, but not cadaverous. Every feature was shaped finely, and yet the whole face conveyed the impression of largeness rather than fineness.

She was not handsome, though every feature was good. There was a sort of independence in the members of her face. Each feature, as it were, kept house for itself. But that harmony and sympathy which was originally denied to the physical form of her countenance had gradually been supplied by the expression which, year by year, crept over it. One would be apt to say, "that is the handsomest homely face that ever I saw." Three children blessed their household. Jacob was the youngest, and the only son. The eldest daughter was like her mother, and had married and settled in life; the other, resembling her father, was living at home. Two other daughters there had been, but they were no longer living.

While we are telling you all these things, you may be sure they were not standing still listening to their own praises. The best room was always prepared. Into a bed, whose linen shone like snow, Barton was laid by the strong arms of Paul the father and Jacob the son.

The room opened out of the family room, and so was the very room for sickness, which loves to be cheered by hearing the soft sounds of family life without being in their very midst.

CHAPTER LV.

THE SURPRISE.

It is not given to all birds alike to soar high, or to continue long upon the wing. The wing must be shapely, the muscle must be ample, the nerve strong, if a bird is to hang long in the air without weariness. Small birds, with short and blunt wings, are always near the ground. Quails and partridges, grouse and woodcock love the earth, and run upon the ground with more delight than they fly in the air. Therefore their enemies easily find them and their nests—the rat, the weasel, the polecat, and the swine, and other hunters many. Small birds, seed-eating,—finches, sparrows, thrushes,—build low and fly low. Their courses are neither wide nor daring. They hop along the twigs in hedges, or hover, giggling and simple-hearted, in low-branched trees. In fence-rows, cats lurk for them. In the woods, small hawks, blue-jays, and shrikes devour them. Even darkness does not cover them from the goggle-eyed owl, whose soft wings are as noiseless as death. Then come bolder birds, that seldom descend below the tops of forests, that live high up above mousing enemies and are more familiar with the sun than with the shade. And higher than all are the long-winged birds, that hang over the ocean, that beat about in storms,—gulls; petrels. Or, still higher, falcons, condors, eagles,—that brood upon the sunlight and lie upon the mere air as if it were water under their breasts and they were fowl swinging on the sea. In these glorious solitudes they live secure. Noises never rise so high; storms and thunder sound below them. The sun comes earlier to them, and lingers later. Their days are longer. There are no fences there parcelling out the great domain. No trees or forests shadow the empyrean; no mountains divide it, nor rivers water it. Only the Sun himself inhabits there—solitary, though the father of multitudes,—dropping down showers of light, which he does not see, and giving life to infinite broods that never knew, or are known of their father, who through ages is giving and forgetting, begetting and forsaking, creating and devouring. And yet, no wing was ever framed that could soar forever. The gull at last alights. The falcon builds a nest, and seeks it. The eagle has a home among the rocks. Only man's thoughts rise higher than the eagle's wing, higher than the sun, and walk in the celestial city, where is no night, nor weariness, nor sorrow. But even Faith itself may not always abide in these high delights. The heart must come back to its nest.

Through all of Sunday, Rose Wentworth soared up above all trouble. The sun went down without bringing darkness to her. But, on the sixth, while the camps were waking up, and Meade's dilatory army began to creep out in pursuit, Rose chanced, somewhat after mid-day, to meet Col. Frank Esel, who was hurrying forward to overtake his regiment.

"Miss Wentworth—a thousand blessings on you! I knew that you hovered somewhere about here. General Cathcart told me of your presence. By the way, you have heard that he was wounded and taken?"

"I heard that he had fallen—that he was dead!"

"Dead, Miss Wentworth? dead? Upon my word, you're mistaken! it must be a false report. I was not far from him in the fight. I saw him go in, and he and a dozen more men were gobbled up. But he was alive, and wounded, and a prisoner—I know; for several of the men escaped during the night, who saw him within Lee's lines, and, though little able to walk, yet he was not apparently wounded dangerously."

If Rose had been caught up by a whirlwind, or swept down in the current of the over-full Rock creek, she could not have been more whirled about and helpless than she was at this astounding news.

"Not dead!—not dead!—alive?—a prisoner?—alive! Oh, do not say such things! It cannot be! Alive?—alive? Oh my soul be still! Do not believe it!"

"Cousin Rose," said Esel, moved by the intensity of her manner, "I do truly assure you that Barton is alive, unless something has befallen him since he reached the enemy's lines. He was alive and not dangerously wounded on Saturday, that I certainly know; and there is no reason to think that harm has befallen him since. I truly wish you joy, and am heartily glad to surprise you with such good news. God bless you, my dear cousin," and with that he put spurs to his horse and disappeared.

Rose stood like one dreaming. Then she started, as if to go to her patients. Suddenly she stopped and turned to go after Agate. Then, with another sudden change, she started to find her father. All her settledness of heart was gone. She had fallen down out of the clouds to her nest quite near to the ground, and began to experience those gusts and whirls of feeling which sweep the lower levels of human life. While she thus was going first to the right and then to the left, Hiram Beers met her.

"Well, Miss Rose, what's up? You look flustered like. I hope you aint takin' on 'bout Barton, 'cause that won't do no good. We must all die. You know what the catechism says—'Xerxes did die, and so must you and I.' It's a fact, and can't be helped. But I dew feel bad, after all. I tell you, Rose, there aint many left that's equal to Barton."

"Hiram, Barton is not dead! Col. Esel says that he was seen in Lee's camp, wounded and a prisoner."

"Well, now, that's wuth hearin'," said Hiram, greatly excited, but holding in every sign of it, as if it was a sin to show his feelings. "But it's a pity to feel bad for nothin', I swow; if I haint cried every time I've thought on't, and now it's just so many tears throwed away! Well, well, I vum, but it's jolly! that is, supposin' it's true."

"Hiram, you must go with me to Agate Bissell. Barton must not be left thus. Something must be done immediately for his release."

The glad tidings spread joy in the little band. Agate spoke not a word. She stood firmly, listened to every syllable, her face shining brighter with each confirmation. Then stepping to one side with her face toward the woods, she stood for a while in prayer of thanksgiving. At length, lifting her apron for a handkerchief and wiping her eyes, she came back to Rose, with an intensity of feeling that seldom escaped her, and put her arms about her and kissed her forehead—"Rose, it is the Lord that slayeth, and the Lord maketh alive. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Alice was certainly glad, but joy had but poor chance in her heart. Like plants that grow under shade trees, it came up pale and feeble, and could not blossom into laughter.

"Agate," said Rose, "what shall be done? Will you look after my men? I can do nothing further until I have released Barton."

"Child, what can you do? You must wait."

"What will waiting do? Is he not even now moving down toward those hideous Southern prisons? It were better to have died outright, under the bright sun, than to mould, and decay, and die piecemeal, in those dens of cruelty. No, I will this instant find General Meade."

"Headquarters is moved," said one of the men; "the gineral has gone."

"But I can overtake him."

"Rose," said Agate, "you are wild. What could General Meade do, if you did see him? Can he stop his army to go after one man? I guess he's got something else to think of."

"But I could get a pass to the enemy's lines—I could see General Lee!"

"Why, Rose," said Agate, rebukingly, "this is downright craziness." And then in a pitying tone—"I don't blame you, though; and if anything could be done, I'd encourage it."

"Standing here, and seeing all the difficulties but none of the favorable chances, will not help Barton. It is no common case, and will admit of no common action. I will go to him. There is not storm enough in the sky, nor water enough in the river," said Rose, looking on the turbulent stream below her, "to hinder me. Everything will help me; everything will give way to that courage which fills my soul. God is in me. I know that this purpose is not of man! He who kept Barton in the battle will keep me."

Agate was more convinced by Rose's appeal to God and her declaration of her trust in him than by anything presented to her reason. The evidences of piety were more to her than the evidences of her own judgment.

"Rose, if God has called you to this work I don't doubt that he will open the way. But you ought to examine your heart and know whether this is of God, or whether you are following your own affections! And, though we trust to Providence, it should always be in the use of means. Now let us sit down and see what can be done."

"I can go to General Meade's head-quarters, and procure a letter which will give me access to General Lee."

"Tut, tut—that won't do—never in the world. Barton is in Virginia before this time, and Lee can't help him if he wants to ever so much."

"Then I will go to Virginia. I will find his prison."

"Suppose you did—you could not storm the prison. They wouldn't let you in nor Barton out. It's pretty much as they say in Richmond about such things, I guess."

"Then I'll go to Richmond. I will see every man in authority. Agate, you need not discourage me. There is that within my heart that will make my way. I will rescue Barton, or I will die in the endeavor! I can do anything but stay here!"

It was now about the middle of the afternoon. The conference was broken up by an unexpected event. Just as Agate was about to reply to Rose, in came Pete Sawmill, making two or three jumps which a deer might envy, and then, in a transport of rude delight, he tumbled over and over, and rolled on the ground, as an extremely merry and jolly dog will do who finds his feelings far too great to be expressed by the mere wagging of his tongue at one end or his tail at the other.

When at last he had reduced his superabundant excitement to a more governable state, Pete informed the party that Barton had escaped; that he had got him safely into good quarters; that he had come over in a wagon after a surgeon; that he had luckily stumbled on Dr. Wentworth, who was promptly going back with him; and that the doctor thought a nurse had better go out too.

Rose said to Agate:

"Do you not see that I was led? The Lord's hand has been in all this strange work."

"His name be praised!" said Agate, whisperingly.

Paul Hetherington had brought Pete over, taking care at the same time to fill his wagon with such comforts for the wounded as he could provide. Jacob Hetherington remained at home to superintend the descent of the cattle and horses from the mountain fastnesses. Paul excused the indifferent quality of his team by explaining that his best horses were hidden away. They rode briskly away from Gettysburgh, and across the very ground which was yesterday held by Lee's rear guard. As they proceeded Pete pointed them to a field with scattering shade trees in it.

"There 'twas. There's where I found the gineral, under that tree, fast asleep."

Along the road were marks of the haste with which Ewell had retreated. Broken wagons, dead animals, muskets, knapsacks, were strewn along the ways.

The sixth corps of Meade's army had closely followed, and were yet lying near Fairfield, somewhat impeding the journey to Hetherington's house.

When once fairly on the road, Dr. Wentworth, who had not before seen Rose for more than a few moments, said:

"I thought it likely that Agate Bissell would come; but I am glad that she sent you, Rose. I have hardly seen you for a moment."

"I needed no sending, father. No one could have been permitted to go to Barton but me. It is my errand."

And with that she drew from her bosom Barton's letter, and gave it to her father to read.

Dr. Wentworth read it through—read it a second time. In spite of himself the tears came to his eyes. He put his arm gently and fondly round his daughter, and said, in a whisper:

"I suppose you go to answer this, Rose?"

"Father, if he only lives—if God will but spare us——"

And with that she laid her head upon her father's breast and burst into tears, and wept violently, and almost convulsively. It was well. After such high and long-continued strain nature demanded relief. Rose had come down out of the high and bright clouds, and walked upon the ground again, a woman, full of hopes and fears, of weakness and tears.

Paul Hetherington sat with Pete on the front seat. I do not believe he looked around once. If one had watched, it might, possibly, have been seen that his large and grave face was slightly inclined, so that the merest glance of Rose's agitation, and her father's protecting caress, might have entered his eye; but he turned his face square towards his horses, and sat immovable till they drove up the avenue of venerable old cherry trees which lined the way from the road to the house, trees that now hung full of ripe cherries and red robins. The fruit was over abundant. The sun, lying low, was shining aslant through the trees, and filling them with a kind of golden vapor. They seemed to be tabernacles for birds. Catbirds miawed and jerked their tails nervously; robins breathed a low *pympf*, or were wholly silent; cedar birds, jays, brown thrushes, and numberless other fruit-loving birds, fluttered and flew as the wagon went on, coming back again the instant it had passed, as waters open and shut to the passage of a ship.

"I think, sir," said Dr. Wentworth, "that the boys don't stone the birds in these grounds."

"Nay; the only stones which I allow to be thrown are cherry-stones. Thou art aware, doubtless, that music hath little place among Friends; but it is brought to us, even as the prophet's food was, upon wings."

The dwelling-house, of dark gray stone, now stood out plainly. It did not stretch up ambitiously, but lay broad upon the ground, having the expression, not only of roominess, but of hospitality. Every door had a coaxing look, and each window said, come in. One might search in vain for a stick, a chip, a shaving, or a straw, all around the house. Absolute order and neatness was written upon the face of things. Every gate stood up straight. Every stone in every wall was true to a line. Nothing seemed to have ever fallen down; nothing was ever dropped. The very winds did not dare to send the leaves upon the grass. The garden on the right held out its bright blossoms, and marshalled its rows of culinary vegetables, without a weed or withered stalk.

To Rose, who had so long been used to the rudest scenes, and to the very paradise of disorder, the excessive neatness on every hand produced something of the impression of fine art. But little time had they for outward observations.

Martha Hetherington stood in the open porch, the door wide open behind her.

"Thee art welcome home, Paul. The young man needs thy friends. I fear, doctor, thee hast come on a poor errand. Alight! Is this his sister?" said Martha, turning to Rose.

"It is my daughter," said Dr. Wentworth.

Paul, however, explained it with his eye. One look sufficed; and Martha tenderly helped Rose from the wagon, and gave her in charge to her comely daughter.

"Rose?" said Martha.

Two voices answered, one saying:

"What, ma?" and the other, "What, ma'am?"

Martha Hetherington smiled. "Is thy name Rose?"

"Rose Wentworth!"

"And this is Rose Hetherington. Surely ye should like each other!"

Dr. Wentworth went at once to Barton's bedside. He found him in a low and sinking condition. Before making more close examination he gave him more ample stimulants, together also, with opium, which had not been administered; and the stimulants only in a gradual manner.

"For fear," Martha said, "of producing fever."

"That is the only way to attack fever—such fever as he is liable to," said the doctor.

Strong beef-tea was prepared for him, and every means of restoring his ebbing strength was used.

"Had this wound upon the abdomen been deep, he would have died before this,—let's see: Saturday night, Sunday night, Monday night—forty-eight hours. Had the intestines been sundered, he would have died within twenty-four hours. Should there be an inflammation of the peritoneum, I should fear, in his exhausted condition, that he could not stand up under it. Should there be only a local inflammation and the suppuration of the wound itself, there will be hope."

It was uncertain whether Barton was conscious of the presence of his friends or not. He lay with half-closed eyes, either dreaming or carrying on a fevered process of thought. No groans escaped him, but sometimes sighs. Rose stood by him, outwardly calm. But who shall unroll that which filled her heart, as she gazed upon Barton's bloodless face, and his brow whiter than snow, from which fell back his black hair? His face was thin. His features were sharp. The whole face looked old. As Rose gazed upon him, she momently expected him to speak. She wondered how they could be so near, and yet so utterly separated. She would have given worlds for one look, for one word of recognition. After all this history of his love for her, should he now at length die, knowing nothing of that deep treasure of her heart?—die by her very side, and know it not?—die while her words were in his ears, and his hand in hers, and yet not know their meaning?

How terrible is the thunder—how more terrible is the crash of battle! Yet neither of them is so awful as the measured cadence of one who tells us that our beloved are walking away from us, along the road of the dying!

Dark is the night; but what night so dark as that of love hopelessly watching? How deep is the unexplorable sea! But far deeper is that night which Hope sounds with the line of fear—sounds, but can find no bottom!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MARRIED IN JEST.

Christine Onderdonk despised me. I knew that just as well as though I had not been in love with her; a girl as handsome as an angel and as proud as Lucifer—a girl any man seeing *once* must always remember.

Perhaps you want to know what she was so proud about—*why* she held herself so high. It was because old Diedrich Onderdonk was the wealthiest man in Bushwick—that was all; and we were poor, mother and I—poor where almost all were rich. I was the schoolmaster.

No great fields, yellow with golden grain, spread about our house; no orchard laden with such fruit as our neighbors coined into gold each autumn. We had only our little garden-spot, with its one apple tree and its hedge of currant bushes. One cow was all our dairy, and we held no bank stock anywhere.

To be sure, my mother was a lady, and I, I hope, a gentleman; and in those days when fortune had smiled upon my father, he had given his son every advantage of education and accomplishment.

But for my mother, I never should have dropped into the Bushwick school, and taught the wealthy Dutchmen's boorish sons and daughters for a living; but she besought me to stay with her in the little house which was all that remained to us, and I did it for her sake.

And so I taught Christine Onderdonk, aged sixteen, to write and cipher.

A little learning sufficed those Bushwick girls in that past time, forty years ago, or more. To spell, to read, to write, to cipher a little, was to be educated thoroughly. We find girls who, in our kitchens now-a-days, know as much as those yellow-haired farmers' heiresses.

But Christine was not like the rest. Her mother had not been one of the rosy Dutch girls who had developed into such portly matrons.

Old Diedrich had married her for his second wife after his first wife's children had families of their own. Perhaps his money had won her. It seemed likely. Her portrait, hanging upon the wall in the hermetically-sealed best parlor, had fine, straight features, and coal-black eyes, and thin, scarlet lips. It was a lady's face. And under her care Christine had grown to be a lady, and had read books which had her mother's maiden name on their title pages—old English plays, and the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe and Lady Morgan, and volumes of poems, with the most passionate love verses underscored, as though there had been a heart-history in the woman's life before old Diedrich and his gold dawned upon it.

Whatever it was, she would never reveal it now in her grave amongst the willows, but she had bequeathed some of it to Christine. The blood in that girl's veins was not only that of Diedrich's ancestors. Of it, yet not mingling, warmer as is the Gulf Stream than the Atlantic, coursed that of her mother. She had the glorious flesh and color of her Dutch kindred, tempered and etherealized by exquisite features, beautiful changes of expression, and a high-bred grace of movement and fall of voice.

Somewhere within her soul the underscored lines of those poems her mother had read before her babe saw light were interwoven. Yet for all this the vulgar pride of wealth dwelt there also.

Perhaps she had caught *that* from Diedrich, who had a pair of imaginary scales in which he weighed a man and his money, valuing the first as the gold was lighter or heavier.

Old Diedrich, who had once declared to an admiring circle:

"Well, dank mine stars I never have read a book. My fader's broder lost den dousand dollarsmit books, und dat teached mine petter as to do the same."

Though whether the gentleman alluded to had lost his money by neglecting his business for books, or by amassing a library, Diedrich never explained.

For a woman, however, it made no difference. Christine read when she liked. It pleased him to see her please herself; and my scholar had feasted upon my little library, and we had talked the books over, and been very happy. She liked me then. She always liked me a little; but she had been educated to regard a man who had no money something as you and I might a man who could not read.

I knew it, and yet I did the most foolish thing possible, and, instead of flying from her, sought her. I began by admiring her; I ended by loving her.

In that primitive society we had gatherings unknown in more refined circles—meetings of the "young folks" to romp and sing and "spark." No invitations were given. The guests came two and two and met in the great kitchens, never in the parlors, held sacred to funerals and weddings.

And at such parties I met Christine. We could converse—we only satisfied each other. The stupidity of many around us was annoying to both, yet I knew she would sooner marry Hans Hacker than I, because he was lucky enough to be the only child of one rich man and the only grandson of two others.

It angered me, that knowledge. I felt that it was wrong. I could no more be ashamed of having only enough than I could have been proud of being rich. To be despised for that was so absurd a wrong to me that it was beyond bearing. Personally she might have found what fault she pleased; on that score she had no right to think me beneath her.

A way she had of making me her friend as she might a very old man, a very young boy, or one who could by no means entertain any other thoughts than those of friendship, irked me most of all. I had rather that she had shunned me.

Her manner said too plainly: "It can do no harm to please myself with your company. You dare not presume upon it."

So things stood when one evening there was a gathering at the widow Pfiefer's. I never went with Christine. Hans was her usual gallant; but to meet her there was enough—to speak to her; in those plays which we played like so many grown children now and then to kiss her.

That evening the romp was a wild one, and in its midst a thunderstorm broke over Bushwick, a pelting rain pattered upon its roofs, and there came a hurried knocking at the door of the Widow Pfiefer. Some one opened it.

"Forgive my want of ceremony," said a cultivated voice. "Really a man can't remember 'his manners' when he is being drenched to the skin. *May* I come in?"

And a stranger was ushered into our midst—a merry-looking young man in a black suit buttoned to the chin.

The Widow Pfiefer acted the part of hostess with what grace she might. She informed the stranger that it was as cheap sittin' as standin', and advised him to "take off his coat and dry it." Then she advised her domestic to "scoot" and get some cider and give the stranger some as well as the other gals and boys. Cider did ye good, she guessed, and went to sleep again in the wooden chair in the corner.

The stranger did not "take off his coat," but he accepted the cider and joined in the romp.

I think it was Hans Hacker—stupid Hans, with his little blueish eyes, and a mouth like one of those in the masks to be seen at the balls, who first proposed a new game. I heard him bawling at the top of his lungs.

"Yes, we played it. It was great fun, and they went through it like it was real. Everybody kissed the bride after. 'Twas as good as forfeits. Playin' at a weddin', you don't know what fun it was."

And then it was resolved that there should be a mimic wedding performed that evening; a fine jest they thought it, and the girls went wild with fun. All wanted the rôle of bride; though all denied the fact, the wish was evident, and as no one could have a right to the part, it was to be decided by lot. Papers were dropped into a hat, and the one with "Bride" upon it fell to Christine Onderdonk. She chose her bridesmaid and they hurried away to don some ancient wedding dresses stored away in the garret. Even Dame Pfiefer awoke and waddled up stairs to help dress the bride. It was rare fun to all.

But who should be the bridegroom? They left the choice to Christine before she left us. Hans grinned expectant. She did not look at him.

"I say, let me," he suggested, after a moment. But she gave him a coquettish glance and turned to me.

"*You*," she said. "Are you not honored? Make yourself very splendid for the ceremony. There are waistcoats red and gold worn half a century under the roof, I know, and lace ruffles and wonderful hats and boots. I expect you to do me credit."

Then she fluttered away with her friends, and I felt a strange silent rage possess me. She had chosen me because of all there I dared not presume upon the fact.

Just as she might have summoned any menial had it been her pleasure—chosen me, whom it would move beyond all expression to stand beside her in such a mockery of the hopeless dream of my life.

"Choose schoolmaster," cried Hans.

"Then who'll be parson? He has the most book learning. Nobody else can remember the words, unless—I say, stranger, can *you* play parson?"

The gentleman who had sought shelter from the storm laughed merrily.

"No doubt," he said. "It is a game I've played before."

"And it's fun, aint it?" asked Hans.

"Sometimes," said the stranger.

"You be parson then. I'll be best man," said Hans; and then he hurried me away, and Dame Pfiefer rummaged in tall presses and brought forth quaint garments gay in hue and grotesque in pattern, in which I was arrayed.

My heart beat wildly as we entered the kitchen and met amidst the laughter of the guests. We looked as though Rip Van Winkle's fate had been ours and we had awakened from the slumber of a century.

Plump Pauline Pfiefer was bridesmaid. Hans stood by me. I felt like one in a dream. I could not smile. My gravity seemed an excellent jest to the rest. But Christine, when I took her hand in mine, gave me a strange look and paused with a sort of terror in her eyes. Then she pulled her hand away suddenly.

"No," she said; "no. Let Pauline be the bride."

"But it is too late. You are dressed, and you drew the lot," cried Pauline.

And they coaxed her back to her place beside me. Then the ceremony began.

The stranger knew the words by heart, and was quite serious in his manner. But fun lurked in his eye. When the moment came for placing the ring upon the bride's hand, he enjoyed the approaching dilemma. But I had a ring upon my little finger, and, far from enjoying the jest as I was, I drew it off as I repeated, "With this ring I thee wed," and transferred it to the dimpled finger of the mimic bride.

At that every one laughed louder than before, and the sport was nearly at an end. Then came the kissing of the bride. I claimed my kiss first. I put my lips to hers. Both were cold as ice. She laughed without merriment, and was pale as any ghost. But they whirled her away amidst jest and kisses, and I found the stranger had scribbled some lines on a piece of paper.

"The certificate," he said. "And now I must be going. I suppose you know you are actually married. I am a clergyman,—ordained last week. Hathaway, of ———. If you are ever caught near my parsonage in a rain storm, I hope you will permit me to return your hospitality. Good-evening."

He bowed himself out. Those who heard him stood bewildered and amused. I followed him.

"Are you in earnest?" I said.

He lifted his eyebrows.

"I'm really a clergyman, if you mean that," he said. "Yes, you are tied for life, you know," and hurried away laughing.

I went back to the room. The bride of the evening had gone to change her dress. All were getting ready to go home. Such fun had never been known, they declared; and how well the stranger acted the parson.

For me, I was almost beside myself. The ordeal had been terrible. What I had heard and knew to be the truth had put the climax to my excitement; and the wound the girl I loved had given me in choosing me thus, knowing how I felt to her as she must, was sore and aching yet.

I was half mad when I followed Hans and Christine to her home, I believe,—surely not in my sober senses. I longed to punish her for her cruelty. She had stung me so that I forgot everything but that.

Diedrich Onderdonk was smoking upon his porch in the moonlight, and Hans was telling him the excellent jest. I stalked up to them, breaking in upon the burst of laughter.

"I've come for my wife," I said, in a sort of frenzy. "We are really married. The stranger was a clergyman. You are my wife, Christine. You did not guess what you were doing when you were so cruel as to wring my heart for your sport. You are my wife. Eh, Christine? The schoolmaster's wife."

Hans roared with laughter. Old Diedrich, quicker witted, started up, alarm upon his rubicund visage.

"Der Tuyfel!" he cried, "you must be either mad or drunk, neighbor. A joke is a joke, but dis von goes too far."

"Perhaps I am mad," I said. "But Christine is my wife. I've come for her."

There was a heavy rifle on the porch. The old man seized it, I fancy, at first only to frighten me away, for he was a good-humored old fellow, and, I suppose, thought I had been drinking too much.

"You insult my girl?" he said. "So now you go away or I shoot you mit mine gun. What foul trick have you played, Christine, to make this young hair-brain behave so? Go!"

"I'll go with my wife, not without her," I said.

And Diedrich grew angry, and lifted the gun to his shoulder.

I put my hand on Christine's arm. She screamed. Old Diedrich fired; and I fell to the ground. There the scene ended for me. I remember only a host of fevered dreams and fancies, with Christine's face amongst them.

At last, reality dawned from this chaos, and I found myself in my own little room at home. It was evening, and a shaded lamp burnt low. A woman sat beside me. I lay quite still; and the events of the past slowly returned to my memory. I felt very weak, and could but just turn my head upon the pillow. I must have been very ill. How long, I could not guess.

Soon I found a faint voice. The ghost of my own belonged to me. I spoke:

"Mother!" I said.

The woman bent over me. A form young and voluptuous—not my mother's.

A hand held mine in a warm clasp.

"It is not mother?" I said.

"No; she is resting in her own room, Will.," said a voice, in a whisper.

"And this?" I asked.

Two arms encompassed me; a ripe cheek dropped against mine.

"It is your wife—Christine!" were the words that answered me. "I never knew I loved you until you put that ring upon my hand. Then I understood myself. And I promised to love and honor you from my soul; and I will always do it, my love. I would, were you a beggar!"

And I knew that that which the mother's dreams had implanted in the heart of Diedrich Onderdonk's beautiful daughter had bloomed at last.

They tried to part us; but we were fast bound before God and man. The young clergyman came to our aid. He had married us regularly, and before witnesses; and, unless we chose, no man could sunder us.

The jest that had ended in [illegible] was talked over by every Bushwick fir[illegible]at winter through.

Old Diedrich never forgave[illegible]his gold went to others—not one round g[illegible]g piece ever touched my Christine's pal[illegible] Heaven knows, I never grieved for that. M[illegible]e owed all to me, and fortune has smiled u[illegible] my efforts, and we are not poor.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES X.

Charles X. of France, when a child, was one day playing in an apartment of the palace while a peasant from Auvergne was busily employed in scrubbing the floor. The latter, encouraged by the gayety and playfulness of the young count, entered familiarly into conversation with him, and, to amuse him, told him a number of diverting stories and anecdotes of his province. The prince, with all the ingenuousness of childhood, expressed his commiseration for the narrator's evident poverty, and for the labor which he was obliged to undergo in order to obtain a scanty livelihood. "Ah!" said the man; "my poor wife and five children often go supperless to bed." "Well then," replied the prince, with tears in his eyes, "you must let me manage for you. My governor every month gives me some pocket money, for which, after all, I have no occasion, since I want for nothing. You shall take this money and give it to your wife and children; but be sure not to mention a word of the matter to a living soul, or you will be finely scolded." On leaving the apartment, the honest dependant acquainted the governor of the young prince with the conversation that had taken place. The latter, after praising the servant highly for his scrupulous integrity, desired him to accept the money, and to keep the affair a profound secret; adding, that he should have no cause to repent of his discretion. At the end of the month the young Count d'Artois received his allowance as usual, and watching the moment when he was unobserved, hastily slipped the whole sum into the hands of his *protégé*. On the same evening a child's lottery was proposed, for the amusement of the young princes, by the governor, who had purposely distributed among the prizes such objects as were most likely to tempt a boy of the count's age. Each of his brothers eagerly hazarded his little store, but the Count d'Artois kept aloof from his favorite amusement. The governor, feigning astonishment, at last demanded the reason of this unusual prudence;—still no answer from the count. One of the princes, his brothers, next testified his surprise, and at length pressed the young count so hard that in a moment of childish impatience he exclaimed, "This may be very well for you; but what would you do if, like me, you had a wife and five children to support?"

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

It is told that Abernethy, while attending a lady for several weeks, observed those admirable qualities in her daughter which he truly esteemed to be calculated to render the married state happy. Accordingly, on a Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport:—"You are now so well that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come and pay you my farewell visit. But, in the meantime, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time, by my professional duties, affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to ——, and I can settle —— on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and lady-like member of a family; such a person must be all that a husband covets, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination; for I really have not time for the routine of courtship." In this humor the lady was wooed and won.

SIMPLICITY.

The more we see of the world, the more we are satisfied that simplicity is as inseparably the companion of true genius as it is of true greatness. We never yet knew a truly great man—a man who overtopped his fellow-men, who did not possess a certain playful, almost infantine simplicity. True greatness never struts on stilts, or plays the king upon the stage. Conscious of its elevation, and knowing in what that elevation consists, it is happy to act its part like common men in the common amusements and business of mankind. It is not afraid of being undervalued for its humility.

A man who is thus fearless of letting himself down to the level of his fellow-men, in the ordinary amusements and relaxations of life, whatever elevation he may have reached, must possess that innate consciousness of genius which is itself sufficient evidence of its own existence. Those who are afraid of being undervalued or despised for mixing with their fellow-creatures are of the ordinary, every day race of men, whom chance has made great, and who, like the inmates of unfinished palaces, shut their window lest people may come nigh enough to detect the abject poverty within.

TWO LIVES.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

A brook went singing on its way
A liquid, sweet, half-uttered lay,
Thro' meadows with the primrose gay,
And woods that rang with song;
Where, thro' the branches overhead,
Their sheen with softer shadows wed,
The yellow sun his bright beams shed
The spring and summer long.

A child went wandering 'mid the flowers
That grew in pleasant garden bowers,
Unmindful of the golden hours,
And prattled all the while;
The sunbeams kissed his golden hair,
His dimpled face was far more fair
Than any flower that blossomed there,
And happy shone his smile.

The brook flowed on upon its way,
Singing its sweet, half-uttered lay,
As merry as a child at play,
The broad, rich valley through;
Till to a river, deep and wide,
That bore great ships upon its tide,
With busy towns on either side,
Its babbling waters grew.

The golden days of childhood past,
Bright boyhood's season flitted fast,
The child a man became at last;
And loud his clarion tongue
Uplifted through the land was heard,
Wide as the flight of untamed bird,
And on the utterance of each word
A waiting nation hung.

Oh, brothers in the field of strife,
With struggle and endeavor rife,
In this, the battle of our life,
Be valiant and be strong;
Stand firmly by the side of Right,
Put Error to the coward's flight;
However dark may be the fight,
It will not be for long.

◆

"SCHOOLMARM, SIR."

BY KATE MERIDEN.

Rockside, my birthplace, was a grand old residence,—so all the tourists that have visited it have said; yet loving the grand and glorious in nature as I have always done, I was still a restless spirit, that had read enough of the great world beyond me to stimulate the wild dreams which I dreamed while roaming o'er the rocky cliffs or resting beneath the sighing pines of my father's forest.

That I might have gone on dreaming for an indefinite period there can be no doubt, had not a circumstance occurred which materially affected the tenor of my way.

A favorite uncle—my father's youngest brother—had come down to Rockside for a few days' hunting; and while returning with him from one of these equestrian pursuits, he spoke of the journey which he intended making to the far West, and in his gay mood asked how I would like to accompany him—hardly dreaming of the wild, restless spirit that needed only this incentive to spur it into action.

From that moment I gave my father no peace. Early and late I strove to gain his consent to my accompanying my uncle; and he at last consented.

"She'll be glad to get back to her old, sleepy pap, mark my words, Monnett," he said to my kind-hearted old nurse, who bent over the contents of a large, leathern trunk, endeavoring to crowd a goodly array of merinos, lawns, etc., in the smallest possible space. "She'll know how to value her home."

Without lingering over the details of our journey, I will merely say, that, tired and worn, we were glad to reach the rough clearing where my uncle intended to remain a short time.

I should have mentioned before that this clearing and several large tracts of land at a greater distance, were owned by him. The chief object of his journey westward was to make arrangements with the land agent, who resided at this place with a sister.

We found the rude cabin comfortable, if not grand; and perhaps never before, when surrounded with all the luxuries that money could procure, did I enjoy a meal more heartily than the venison steak and corn cake which now formed our repast.

Yet, among all our strange surroundings no person or circumstance attracted my attention so much as the mistress of the establishment—a sort of amazon beauty whom you could imagine looking well at all times and in all places; one who would entertain the most polished circle with becoming dignity, or would not scruple to drive the roughest team over the most difficult section of country.

A remarkable woman was Gentha Girt. But more of her hereafter.

Shortly after our meal we retired; and, much refreshed by a good night's rest, I arose the next morning, expecting to meet my uncle at breakfast; but he failed to make his appearance, and I found that he was suffering from severe headache, which, to our great alarm, was followed by a violent fever.

Now, I could perform tolerably on the piano, had accomplished sundry mats, etc., in Berlin wool, and gone so far as to mould the head of John the Baptist in wax; but never in my life—though numbering some seventeen years—had I done anything for a sick person; and so far as assistance from me in my uncle's necessity, or indeed any other, it was idle to think of it..

I looked upon Gentha Girt as a sort of miracle while she noiselessly performed the part of hostess, housekeeper and nurse—fearless of the dangers of the sick chamber, and unwearied in her efforts to please her patient.

It was plain to me that though I was treated with the kindest consideration, I was but a useless appendage to the household.

One morning, about six weeks after our arrival, I had been strolling on the prairie and through the dense forest which bounded the clearing on either side.

I returned to the cabin weary, and more dissatisfied with myself than ever; and the picture of my uncle, who was now convalescent, comfortably seated, while Miss Girt read aloud from one of the few gems of literature which the cabin could boast, did not tend to allay this feeling.

Without scarce heeding their kind salutation, I sank on a chair and took up a paper which some enterprising disciple of the printing art had started in our midst, and among other items read the following:

"Wanted—A School-marm. Inquire of Squire Digby, at Jones' clearing, between Bushwhack Village and Chunky Hollow."

"A schoolmarm!" I said to myself, musingly. "I can read, write, and cipher, not to mention my other accomplishments that might not be available in these western wilds. Why should I not obtain the position? And knowing that my uncle's illness had made the postponement of our return necessary, several months at least, I determined to make an application; and that evening, before retiring, I sat down in true heroine style, and penned a brief epistle to my uncle, wherein I disclosed my unhappy state of mind, and my determination to leave a place where I felt my presence was unnecessary.

This I gave to the miller, who lived on the place; and under the penalty of incurring my everlasting displeasure should he fail to comply with my request, he promised to deliver it to my uncle when I should have reached the scene of my labors.

The next morning, before my uncle had breakfasted, and while Miss Girt was giving directions to one of the workmen, I stole out of the cabin, and seating myself in the wagon, was driven by the miller down to Jones' clearing.

"Where ken the Squire be found?" he asked, addressing a middle-aged woman who stood wringing clothes from a tub in the doorway of a wretched-looking cabin.

"That's more'n I ken tell yer. Dick! Tom! Charley! Bill!" she called out. "Where's yer father gone this mornin'?"

"To 'tend the trial 'bout Slater's pigs," shouted Tom.

"No," contradicted Bill; "he's down on the school committee, or p'r'aps makin' of Gregor's clearin'."

"And where's the school-committee?" asked the miller.

"Let's see," continued Bill, scratching his head. "Slater's pig trial and the school committee are both down at Geary's store on the cross road."

"Then there's nothin' for it, Miss, but to drive down there."

Down to Geary's store we went. We found the Squire a short, thick-set man, with small twinkling blue eyes, and a profusion of sandy hair crowning his large *cranium*, standing on a butter tub, dispensing the law to a motley assemblage.

"And now, my friends," said the Squire, when "court" was done, "we've another matter of importance before us.—Ah! you there, Smellet!" he exclaimed, discovering the miller, who was vainly endeavoring to persuade me to return with him to my uncle's clearing. "What brought you down?"

"A matter ov business, Squire."

"Just so. What might it be?"

"I've heard you were in want ov a schoolmarm?"

"*Exactly*," returned the Squire, with an important air. "Have you any un to propose?"

"I've brought down the gentleman's niece, as owns our clearin'. I don't say it's with the advice of her uncle. She's taken a fancy to be a schoolmarm, an' as she's edicated, p'raps you'll give her a trial."

"Let the lady walk up."

I walked up, while the Squire continued with a flourish:

"I have the pleasure of introducing you, Miss, to this honorable body, and particularly to my friend, the visiting committee, Mr. Snivels. Mr. Snivels, the schoolmarm, sir."

Whereupon Mr. Snivels, the "visiting committee," made a few remarks, and after a short consultation between the Squire and himself, it was decided that I should have a trial.

"P'raps ye're aware, Miss, that the schoolmarm's to board 'round," Squire Digby said, coming up, as I stood gazing after the retreating figure of the miller.

I was not aware of this arrangement, nevertheless I followed the Squire, who further informed me that I would pass the first two weeks in his family, and led the way to the same wretched cabin that I had before visited.

"Mrs. Digby, I've brought the schoolmarm. Is supper a'most ready?" he asked, as we entered the low, smokey apartment.

Mrs. Digby had got through with her washing, but her humor had not been improved by the process.

"Supper's not ready, nor you needn't expect it this hour," she said, in an angry tone. "Maybe, young woman," she contiued, looking at me, "you can help tidy up this place a bit, for I'm worn out."

I glanced at my neat merino, then at my miserable surroundings, and sighed involuntarily.

"I see!" she exclaimed, "you are too fine for yer business. Hoty! toty! Miss, folks in these parts hev to work. If you don't like it, yer shouldn't hev come among 'em."

This last remark was not to be disregarded. I pinned up my sleeves, tied on a linen apron, and, to the best of my ability, endeavored to sweep the bare floor and arrange the rough, wooden furniture in something like order.

This accomplished, I ventured to inquire if I could be accommodated with water, soap and towel for my evening ablution.

"Hand down the skelet, Bill; and Tom, give her yer jacket to dry on. There's not another rag out ov the wash."

I thanked Tom, but refused the proffered jacket, and contrived to pour some water on my hands from a rusty bucket, and with one of my clean cambric handkerchiefs for a towel, I managed to make an indifferent toilet.

I might mention many instances in which I was made to feel the disagreeableness of my new position; but a few will suffice.

I should have told you before that my schoolroom was a rough shed, inferior to one used by my father to shelter his cattle in wet weather, and my pupils varying in age, from toddling babes of three and four years, who had been sent to the "schoolmarm" by their affectionate mothers for the purpose of relieving themselves from further care, to the great, gawky youths of the neighborhood.

One Thursday my school duties were over; I returned to my comfortless home to find a great bustle, and much running to and fro.

"You've just come in time," said Mrs. Digby. "Every one expects to be busy now that we're killin'. Just turn your hand to tryin' out that fat, and when the pork's cut up you can help salt it."

I had spent a wretched day; my pupils had been more refractory than usual; and a visit from Mr. Snivels, the "visiting committee," who was a coarse, ignorant man, had not added to my joys; and now as I stood bending over the bubbling pot, a vision of my father's drawing-room presented itself to my mind. What would he have said to my surroundings?—I the petted, spoiled child of fortune, who's slightest wish had once been a law, now succumbing to the coarse Mrs. Digby. Surely had I fallen from my high estate! In bitterness of spirit I almost resolved to return to my uncle. But pride forbade. I had no plausible excuse to offer for leaving him.

"I dunno as I told you, Miss, that I was expecting our John to supper. Stir that fat a little quicker."

I had not been informed of that particular fact; but our John, in reputation at least, was no stranger; for, in her moments of rare good-humor, Mrs. Digby had treated me to long versions of "our John;" and when the sandy-haired youth, who, with the exception of a pair of great goggle eyes, was the second edition of *pater familias*, sat down to supper, I saw before me the hope and pride of the Digby family.

It was evident that "our John," after his own fashion, had determined to make the acquaintance of the "Schoolmarm;" and dislike is a mild term to apply to the feeling with which I listened to his long dissertation on butchering, etc., which seemed to be his specialty.

With a feeling of relief, I bade the family good-night, at the earliest opportunity, congratulating myself that I had seen the last of my disagreeable acquaintance. Yet how was I mistaken!

I breakfasted later than usual the next morning, to avoid a second leave-taking; and his mother assured me, with a sigh, that "our John" had gone.

"He seemed to hev something on his mind. P'r'aps," she added, "he'd liked to hev said good-bye to you."

I made no reply; but, remarking on the lateness of the hour, hastily left the cabin.

Scarcely had I proceeded a dozen yards before my attention was attracted by a loud hallooing; and, looking up, I beheld my disagreeable acquaintance of the previous evening coming towards me.

"Yer didn't think I'd leave without a word with yer?" he asked in a familiar tone. "I wouldn't hev done it; an' I've been a-thinkin' that you an' me might as well make a match ov it. I've two pigs an' a bit ov clearin', an' I reckon I could keep yu as well as eny un 'round these parts. Jest say the word, an' I'll start right off for the parson."

I said no word, but *never before nor since* have any feet done such active service. With a bound, I sprang away; nor paused until, faint and breathless, I sank down on a rough bench, in my school-room.

The children gathered around me, and I remember to have heard one inquiring youth ask, "What has skeered the School-marm?" Of any thing further I was oblivious, my two weeks' experience at Jones' clearing had been too much for me.

When I again returned to consciousness, I found myself in my uncle's cabin, and Miss Girt bending over me with the kindest solicitude.

Neither she nor my uncle ever asked an explanation as to the cause of my leaving them, for they rightly guessed that the secret lay in my own unhappy, discontented disposition, that had ever failed to appreciate the blessings that had always surrounded me.

While at 'Squire Digby's, my progress had been watched by my uncle, who indulged the hope that I would learn a valuable lesson from my miserable surroundings. Nor was he mistaken. Three years have passed since I assumed the duties of "Schoolmarm." Gentha Girt is now my uncle's wife, and we have all returned to Rockside. I have learnt how to value my father's love and my dear old home; and I trust that in the position where a good Providence has placed me, I shall hereafter *be content*.

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MISS RAYMOND'S TRIAL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Old 'Squire Raymond was dead and buried. The wreath of white japonicas that had lain on his coffin was faded, the rusty streamers of crape were taken off the door-handle, and the world had got tired of canvassing the sad circumstances of his failure and death. So we all pass away and are forgotten!

And Kate Raymond was forgotten, too, as she sat by herself in the big, sounding rooms, with her black dress, and her pale cheeks, and the unshed tears making her poor eyes heavy!

People had pitied her at first, but they took it for granted she would do "something;" at all events, it was none of their business.

"Well, my dear, have you made up your mind?"

Kate was securing the black rosettes on her simple crape bonnet, with a sigh for every stitch, as old Dr. Smith came creaking into the room, and sat down beside her.

Kate looked up through the gathering tears.

"Doctor, I want your advice. Tell me what I had better do."

"Advice, eh? Well, it isn't easy to advise, under some circumstances, child. The only two places that seem at all eligible to me are Madame Pellair's and the situation as companion to old Miss Beverly."

"I should be more independent as saleswoman for Madame Pellair," said Kate, quickly.

"More independent, possibly, but you would have to work twice as hard for just about half the——"

"The wages; don't be afraid of offending my ears with plain truths, Doctor," said Kate, with a sad smile.

"Well, wages, then. I should advise you to go to Miss Beverley, my dear, if you can be sure of patience and self-control."

"I am not the wild, impetuous girl I once was; I can be patient *now*, Doctor."

"It's a lesson we all have to learn, my dear," said the old man. "Well, shall I tell Miss Beverly to expect you?"

"When?"

"Say to-morrow?"

"Yes; but, Doctor——"

"Well?"

"How many members are there in Miss Beverley's family?"

"Only herself and a fussy old bachelor-brother—ten-times as old maidish as she is herself. You may bless your stars you're not going as companion to the old man."

Kate smiled, a little absently.

"There used to be a—nephew, who——"

"Yes, I know,—Carl Beverley; but he went to Florida, a year ago. At ten to-morrow, then, my dear, I will call for you."

Dr. Smith creaked away in those noisy boots of his; and Kate Raymond went up stairs to pack her trunk, and think.

So Carl Beverley was in Florida! She had known that before, yet somehow she wanted the doctor's testimony to make assurance doubly sure. She was glad; yes, upon the whole, she was very glad. She knew she had treated the honest, loving young fellow like a selfish, heartless coquette; she knew she had half-broken his fond, faithful heart with her airs, and graces, and false smiles, once upon a time.

"I should have been ashamed to look him in the face," she pondered. "I am glad his aunt knows nothing about it."

And she sighed softly, to think how entirely and radically her whole nature had been changed in the bitter school of adversity.

"I am meeker and quieter now," she thought. "I should not throw the jewel of his love from me a second time; but he does not know it—no, nor ever will. A woman can only sit still and take her fate as it comes to her; and oh, how hard it is that we have but one life to live. Perhaps, in the next world, we may correct the errors of this. Heigh-ho!"

At ten o'clock, precisely, the next day, Dr. Smith's well-worn buggy came to the door, for Miss Raymond and her trunk.

"Keep up a good courage, my dear," said the kind-hearted old man. "Miss Beverley is rather trying, they say, but she has a heart in spite of her sixty years and her old maid-hood, and you'll work your way down to it after a while."

Kate hoped so; but she could not help feeling a little discouraged when Dr. Smith had left her alone in the darkened room, with a pair of green spectacles glaring at her from one corner, and a pair of blue spectacles from the other.

"Shut the door, if you please, young woman," croaked the blue spectacles; "draughts are very bad for my sister's asthma!"

"And put a little coal on the fire, Miss Raymond, if that's your name," squeaked the green spectacles; "the temperature is altogether too low for my brother's rheumatism."

Kate obeyed. It was well for her that they had given her something to do, else she must certainly have burst out crying.

Her first day as "companion" was ineffably wearisome. Patiently she trudged up and down stairs, with the macaw's cage, and the squirrel's house, and the spaniel's basket, and Miss Beverley's gruel, and the old bachelor's foot-mufflers; meekly she listened to directions and receipts and harangues without end, until her head ached and her feet smarted and her little hands tingled with the unwonted exertion.

"And now," said Miss Beverley, just as Kate was looking forward to the refreshing possibility of a little while to herself—possibly a delightful ten or fifteen minutes slumber—"you may get Dr. Drowsyhead's Sermons from the top shelf in the library and read me to sleep!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Kate, feebly.

"And if you should happen to hear me snore, you may read on just the same. It would wake me up right off if you were to stop!"

And Kate, obeying orders, read herself nearly into a congestion of the brain.

The next day was harder still. Nothing went right. Miss Beverley seemed determined to be suited with nothing that was done for her, and the old bachelor from his corner growled a chorus to all her fault-findings.

"This gruel tastes very oddly, Miss Raymond," said the spinster. "I don't believe the saucepan was scalded before you put the milk in."

"Yes, ma'am, it was; because——"

"Don't contradict me. I never can bear to be contradicted!"

"Don't contradict my sister!" echoed the bachelor, and Kate subsided into meek silence.

"And I don't think Ponto has been properly washed, Miss Raymond—with one half-pint of cologne and two table-spoonsful of rosewater in his bath!"

"I forgot the rosewater," admitted Kate, ingeniously; "but——"

"Forgot the rosewater!" shrieked Miss Beverley, holding up both hands. "My poor, poor Ponto!"

"Well!" groaned the blue spectacles, "I can believe anything now! Forgot the rose-water!"

"And you have got on that rustling dress again, as I live—the rustling dress that plays the very mischief with my nerves. I beg you will change it at once, Miss Raymond!"

"And before you go up stairs, I wish you would put those newspapers straight on the centre-table. I can't bear to see them all crooked," growled Mr. Beverley.

Kate set the newspapers mathematically straight, changed the obnoxious crape-trimmed dress, gave Ponto a second bath, with the regulation quantity of rosewater in it, and prepared a new portion of gruel—and even then Miss Beverley was not satisfied.

"I think the macaw has drooped ever since you came, Miss Raymond. Are you sure you are not neglecting him?"

"I try to do my best, ma'am."

"Actions speak louder than words—and I'd like to know if you call this lace collar done up!"

"Is it not right, ma'am?"

"Right! I wouldn't wear such a rag! Not a particle of starch in it."

"I did starch it, ma'am; but——"

"Don't answer back," groaned Miss Beverley, with both hands uplifted in front of her. "If there's anything that upsets my nerves, it is being answered back!"

Day after day passed by in very much the same style, and Kate Raymond grew paler and quieter with each revolving sun. At first her proud spirit had rebelled.

"I cannot endure it," she had thought.

But then came the bitter remembrance that she *must* endure it—that she had neither home nor friends to flee to!

And when, at the week's end, Miss Priscilla Beverley paid the astounding sum of two dollars into Miss Raymond's shrinking palm, she felt that it had indeed been hardly earned.

"There's one good thing about you, Miss Raymond," said the spinster, parenthetically, as she counted out the bills—"one quality that none of my other companions could ever suit me in; you never get out of temper. You've never once lost your patience the whole time you were here; and yet I used to hear, a year or so ago, when my nephew Carl was at home, what a changeable, fickle, impatient little thing Squire Raymond's daughter was."

Kate colored, and the tears started quickly to her deep brown eyes.

"No," said the old bachelor in the corner, whose whole life seemed nothing more than an echo to Miss Beverley's energetically expressed opinions; "no, Miss Raymond never gets out of temper *now*!"

"I suppose I must be very much changed," said poor Kate, as she went on with her wearisome work of threading steel beads for a purse which Miss Priscilla intended to manufacture some day. "And, indeed, I hardly feel like the same person that I was on my eighteenth birth-day."

"How old are you now?" asked Miss Beverley, searchingly.

"I was twenty last month."

"Humph; only twenty? Well, I suppose you'll be getting married some day, and I shall lose my companion."

But Kate gently shook her head, without even looking up.

"I shall never marry," she said. "Nobody cares for me now."

"There, James, I told you you'd knock that vase off the window-seat if you insisted on leaving it there," lamented Miss Beverly, as a sudden crash of breaking china interrupted Kate's voice. "Run, Miss Raymond, and don't let the water soak into the carpet, for pity's sake! I don't see how men can be so careless."

And for once the old bachelor had no word of excuse to plead for himself.

"Miss Raymond," he said, in a low, hurried voice, when his sister's temporary absence had chanced to leave them alone together, half an hour or so later, "you said a little while ago that nobody cared for you. That was a mistake."

Kate Raymond looked up in surprise.

"My nephew, Carl Beverly, cares for you; he has never left off caring for you. If he thought you would ever look kindly upon him again——"

But Kate shook her head.

"I am sure you are wrong," she said, trying to steady her faltering voice. "I treated him too capriciously—too unkindly. I think he *did* love me once; and I should like to have him know, some day, when he is happily married to some woman who is worthy of him, that I loved him better than he thought; that—that—when I was coldest in my manner, my heart within me was most tender. It is too late now to say these things, and yet——"

"But it isn't too late," interrupted the old bachelor, solemnly, rising out of his chair, taking off the blue spectacles, behind which sparkled a pair of brilliant black eyes, removing the rusty wig from a profusion of chestnut-brown curls, and spurning the wadded, flannel dressing-gown from him with a contemptuous motion.

Kate rose to her feet with a hysteric scream:

"Carl!"

"*Is* it too late, Katie? Tell me! This last week has taught me how good, how gentle, and how patient you have grown, and I love you better than ever I did before. Can you forgive me for the *ruse* I practiced to learn whether I might indeed aspire once more to your hand?"

Kate Raymond said "No," at first, but she said "Yes" afterwards, when Carl had convinced her of the perfect propriety of his conduct.

"And did your aunt know?"

"It was she who insisted upon it, Kate. She wished to prove the temper she had heard was so fickle and uncertain."

"And she's perfectly satisfied," sounded the spinster's voice behind them. "Well, well, I see I shall have to look out for another companion, Carl."

And the old lady's wedding present to Miss Raymond was a diamond brooch that a queen might have worn.

◆

—With what different eyes do we view an action when it is our own and when it is another's.

WIT AND HUMOR.

AT a large dinner-party lately, the cool weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump, happy-looking married lady made a remark about cold feet. "Surely," said a lady opposite, "Mrs. ——, you are not troubled with cold feet?" Amidst an awful pause she naively answered, "Yes, indeed, I am very much troubled—but then they are not my own." Her husband blushed scarlet.

A PERSON designated as "A South-western poet" recently died in the South-west, whereupon a youth-western editor discourseth thus: "Young in years, but old in achievement, he has cleft for himself a niche in the temple of fame, over which we now see hovering for an instant his spirit, a rainbow formed by the light of genius shining through the waters of truth."

A MODERN Amazon on her way to a convention asked for a seat in a crowded car. An old gentleman with keen eyes, inquired: "Be you one of the woman righters?" "I be!" answered the undaunted heroine. "Do you believe that a woman has the same rights as a man?" "I do!" (emphatically.) "Well, then, stand up and enjoy 'em like a man!"

A COCKNEY inquired at the New York post-office the other day for a letter for "Enery Hogden." He was told there was none. "Look 'ere," he replied, a little angrily, "You've hexamined a hodd letter for my name. It don't commence with a haitch! It begins with a ho! Look hin the 'ole that's got the ho's!"

"WHEREVER you find many men you will find many minds," exclaimed a public speaker. "'Tain't so, by jingo," responded one of his auditors; "if you'd only ask this whole crowd out to take a drink, you'd find 'em all of one mind." The lecturer "caved," without trying the experiment.

AN old lady living on Staten Island, who is a strong advocate for "female suffrage," says she has paid taxes on her dog for ten years, that her patience is getting worn out, and that *if she can't be allowed to vote, she will kill the dog.*

A WOMAN was taken to the Tombs the other day for drunkenness, wearing a silk dress, a stylish hat, and a seventy-five-dollar shawl; wherefore the justice let her off on the ground that she was a woman of "good *habits*."

A PERSON was boasting that he was sprung from a *high* family. "Yes," said a by-stander, "I have seen some of the same family *so high that their feet could not touch the ground.*"

A MARYLAND man, who has arrived at the ripe old age of one hundred and two years, was married the other day to his second wife, and the couple are now on a bridal tour.

"WHY do you always buy a second-class ticket?" asked a gentleman of a miser. "Because there's no *third*-class ticket," was the unexpected but satisfactory reply.

A STAMMERING individual recently horrfied a happy family by stating that he had "just left the husband and father s-s-*eating* himself leisurely in the Park."

TEA is so scarce in Mexico that they haven't even *drawings* of it, and there are no *grounds* for supposing that they have any coffee.

OH, woman, loveliest of created beings! to thy virtue we give love, to thy beauty admiration, and to thy hoops the whole pavement.

HOW can poets be eternally singing about the "*peaceful* stars of night," when every luminary in the sky is a perpetual *revolver*?

DO the ladies like tall or short men best? We don't know as to the latter, but everybody knows that ladies are fond of *Hy-men*.

"Can't you trust me, Mr. Butcher, for a little meat this morning?" "No; you already owe me for that on your bones."

AN ATROCIOUSLY GOOD CONUNDRUM.—Why is a fifty-pounder gun like a rain-shedder? Because it is a number-L-er.

WHY is a constant attendant upon auctions an unpleasant companion? Because he is for-bid-ding.

WHY is the letter B like a hot fire? Because it makes oil boil.

RATHER a mis-nomer—calling a *drinking* cup a *gobble-it*.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

A WILLIAMSBURGH butcher played a "big game" on the keeper of a swill milk establishment not long ago. He went to the stables of the latter and falsely informed the employees that he had bought 25 of the cows, which they delivered to him, and which he drove off and slaughtered at once, selling the meat to Brooklyn butchers. For this he was arrested and indicted, and will probably work out the value of the cows in State's Prison.

THE other day, an old lady of Pittsburg, Pa., bought a black cat, from which she took three drops of blood to give to a child sick of croup. Her excited neighbors were about to mob the old lady for witchcraft, when the authorities interfered. Twenty witnesses proved in court that the child recovered instantly on taking the sanguinary dose of catnip.

WASHINGTON is said to be overrun with lobbyists, small politicians, adventurers, and general swindlers. They infest the White House and all the Departments, but especially the Treasury. They have all sorts of claims and schemes on hand, and any official who attempts to thwart them is fearfully worried with their enmity.

EUROPEAN papers report an extraordinary hail-storm at Florence, a few weeks ago, which smashed things rather roughly, and pelted the inhabitants and other living things with hailstones varying from the size of pigeon's eggs to that of goose eggs. One measured four and a-half inches in length by four in width.

TWO men were found hanging on a tree, along the North Grand River, Missouri, last week, with the following placard posted alongside of them:—"Hung on the confession of the murder of T. Mitchell, of Buchanan county." It is supposed that a Vigilance Committee hunted up the murderers and hung them.

GARIBALDI'S youngest son, Ricciotti, recently said, in a speech in London: "My father, in 1860, called our king 'a monarch most brave and wise.' I do not know my father's thoughts on that subject *now*; but I do know that *every Italian thinks my father made a mistake at that moment.*"

A WIDOW lady named Beatty, living near Sherman, Texas, was in the act of getting on a horse, when a common sewing needle, which stuck in her dress, caught in the saddle and was driven in her body near the breast, slightly piercing her heart. She lived only about half an hour.

INFERNAL BARBARISM.—A gentleman who was taken sick with yellow fever on board a Mississippi steamer, was put ashore, and remained on the river bank for two days, was robbed of his clothes and money, and finally died of starvation and neglect.

HENRY A. WISE, in a recent speech at Richmond, Va., declared, in the presence of a large assembly composed of persons from all parts of the State, "that the annihilation of slavery was alone worth all the loss and cost of the war."

A NEW HAVEN paper says there have been an unusual number of marriages in that city recently, but that the Superior Court has beaten the clergy by unmarrying more couples than they have married.

A VERMONTER recently married his cousin, a girl only twelve years old; whereupon twelve other Vermonters rode him on a rail; for which a Vermont justice fined them each five dollars and costs.

AN offender was taken before a Tombs justice the other day for the sixty-third time. The justice naively remarked that the State had better come to some compromise with the prisoner.

A CAN of benzine exploded in a house in Boston the other day, whereby one woman was burned to death, and another burned so badly that she was not expected to live.

AN ex-member of Congress was killed near Albany last week by a yoke of oxen that ran away with him, upset the cart in which he was riding, and broke his neck.

A GERMAN newspaper of this city boasts of a German fellow-citizen who is the father of fifty-eight children, twenty-eight of which are daughters and thirty sons.

A KENTUCKIAN sixty-five years old "proposed" to a girl of seventeen, who refused him, whereupon he blew his brains out with a double-barrelled shotgun.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF A BUSY LIFE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

No. XIV.

PLAY-DAYS.

Whoever has spent a few weeks in Paris has doubtless paused to witness, on the greensward enclosed by the Palais Royal or elsewhere, groups of young children at play, and been charmed by their unconscious spirit, freedom, and grace of manner. The French chronicler's observation, centuries ago—"The English take their pleasures sadly"—will be brought to his mind on almost every occasion when he witnesses an attempt at festivity on the part of the neighboring islanders or of their descendants on this side of the Atlantic. Our Scotch-Irish settlers in southern New Hampshire brought with them from the other side a broad humor, a love of fun, a spirit of hospitality, a regard for kinship and clanship, which had not wholly faded out in my boyhood, or been drowned in the sea of British nationality which in time rolled over the continent, submerging the islets of Scotch, Hollandic, Swedish, French, or other diverse origin, which had for a season gleamed above the waves. The low-born, rudely bred Englishman has but one natural fashion of enjoying himself—by getting drunk. We have modified this somewhat; but, as a rule, our thrifty, self-respecting people have hitherto allowed themselves too few holidays, and failed to make the best use of those they actually took.

Fifty years have passed since I first stole down, one foggy morning, to the brook that ran through the west side of my father's farm in New Hampshire, and, dropping my line off the bridge, felt a bite almost instantly, and, hauling up, drew in a nice speckled trout. I had tried to fish before, but without success; henceforth, through boyhood, I was an enthusiastic, persevering fisherman, though never a master of the art. The modern sophistications of fly and reel were unknown in rural New England in those days; hook, line and sinker gave adequate warning to every considerate, wary fish, of what he had to expect if he bit; but fishermen were fewer and brooks more shady, less capricious in volume, than the clearing away of woods has since made them, while intellectual delights were rarer and less inviting: so fishing was largely the pleasure of the gay and the business of the grave. Our rivers, unvexed by mill-dams, swarmed in their season with shad, lamprey-eels, &c., and afforded some salmon, as well as fish of less consideration. Even the sea was not too far to be visited by adventurous parties, intent on a week's profitable sport. Winter brought its sleigh-loads of fresh cod, frozen as soon as fairly out of water, and so retaining the sweetness which soon vanishes forever; and I reckon that, down to 1800, the people of New England had eaten many more pounds of fish than of beef and mutton together—perhaps of all meats save those obtained by the chase.

In Vermont, the clay soil of the Champlain valley discolors the brooks when full and repels the trout; but the abundant lakes and lakelets used to abound in perch, bass and sunfish, while the larger streams afforded, in addition, eels and pike. East Bay—the common estuary of the Poultney and Castleton creeks, dividing Westhaven from Hampton, N. Y.—is in Spring the resort of a small, peculiar shad, which, with a few pike, bass, mullet, &c., come up from the Lake to spawn, and are caught with seines drawn by two fishermen, who wade through the swollen stream—one of them sometimes obliged to swim—while great blocks of ice, left aground by the receding floods, often lie slowly wasting along the bank. The melted snow from the mountains eastward stings like a hornet as you enter it; so that, if this were not sport, it would be disagreeable; but I have often, when ten to twelve years old, carried the in-shore staff while my father took the deeper track, which immersed him up to his neck; dipping at his word of command, and then gathering up our net and carrying out therein, from no fish at all up to six or eight. I have known a dozen taken at one haul; but this was most extraordinary. In Summer, we sometimes caught a fine pike or eel with hook and line in the basin beneath the fifty-foot cataract by which the blended creeks tumble into the Bay; but fishing here was too slow for any sportsman less persistent than I then was. I have sat here alone in the dense darkness of a wooded abyss, where the fall drowned all sounds but its own, from 8 to 11 P. M., without being blest with a bite, and then felt my way up through the Egyptian darkness of the forest hill-side to the road, and so home, pondering on the fickleness of fortune, yet eager to try again whenever opportunity should favor. I always had my week's work allotted me when I could, and generally succeeded in redeeming at least the Saturday afternoon for my favorite pastime. And I wish here to bear my testimony against a current theory which imports that boys are naturally lazy. My experience contradicts it. My school-mates and neighbors, who had a great deal more leisure than I, were frequent visitors to the field wherein I was working out my "stint," and very rarely hesitated to turn in, with hearty good will, and help me out, so that I might devote the rest of the day to fishing, ball, or other sport, with them. A lazy man, in my view, is always the pitiable victim of mis-education. Each human being, properly trained, works as freely and naturally as he eats; only the victims of parental neglect or misguidance hate work, and prefer hunger and rags with idleness to thrift won by industry and patient effort.

There came a day, early in June, 1825, when I had ransomed from toil the afternoon for perch-fishing in "Inmon pond," a lovely tarn, lying lonely among wooded hills in Fairhaven, some two miles east of our home. I was undeniably ill in the forenoon, so that I was twice compelled to desist from labor and lie down; hence, my mother judiciously urged me to let the fish alone for that day, and care for my health. I had not fished for months, however; the day was glorious; I set off for the Pond a little after noon, and was dropping the perch a line within the hour. But my head soon grew heavy; there was a strange ache in my every bone; the breeze that sped gently across the pond, though really warm and bland, seemed to chill me as never before. I was soon compelled to put aside my pole and lie down, shivering, on the bare rock which here formed the shore; thus passing two hours in a semi-conscious state of mingled delirium and suffering. When the fit of ague passed off, I rose and started homeward, but was constrained to stop at the first house, half a mile from home, where I passed the night. I had seen fever and ague before, but never felt it; and I made haste to terminate the unpleasant acquaintance. Judging solely from my own experience, I believe he who will begin with an emetic directly after his first fit, and follow this with heavy and frequent doses of Peruvian Bark (I distrust Quinine, as less natural and more perilous;) taking care to eat very little, and that of the simplest vegetable food, and do absolutely no work at all, may break the fits directly, and return to work quite well after a fortnight. He who neglects or trifles with this scourge may lose a Summer by it, and never again be restored to his pristine health and vigor.

Ball was a common diversion in Vermont while I lived there; yet I never became a proficient at it, probably for want of time and practice. To catch a flying ball, propelled by a muscular arm straight at my nose, and coming on so swiftly that I could scarcely see it, was a feat requiring a celerity of action, an electric sympathy of eye and brain and hand, which my few and far-between hours snatched from labor for recreation did not suffice to acquire. Call it a knack, if you will; it was quite beyond my powers of acquisition. "Practice makes perfect." I certainly needed the practice, though I am not sure that any amount of it would have made *me* a perfect ball-blayer.

I like popular amusements, especially those which develop and strengthen the muscles; but I *do not* like the modern matches made up between clubs located hundreds of miles apart. According to my notion, the prize should be awarded in these matches to the side which makes the shorter score. In awarding the palm for such a contest, count *my* vote always for the beaten party. They doubtless mind their proper business better, and perform their duties as fathers, husbands, sons, clerks, journeymen, apprentices, &c., more thoroughly than do the victors. It is an honor, not to beat, but to be beaten, in a match of this sort.

I wish it were practical to win our countrymen to a wiser and more equable frame of mind respecting recreations. Many sourly contemn and reject them altogether; and I think this was a prevalent mistake of our better class, up to a late period. Now, the excess seems to be of an opposite character. Too many make play a business, when it should be only a diversion from business. The youth who has given his minority to study and play alternately, with no experience of work, is deplorably ill-fitted to grapple with the stern realities of responsible life. His muscles need hardening; his sinews have not been disciplined to the work that solicits them. As between a youth all work and one all play,—though neither is commendable, the former is preferable.

I never saw a game of Billiards played, and know nothing of Bowling; yet I judge this latter a capital in-door exercise for persons of sedentary pursuits and habits. These I would advise to shun such games as Chess, Cards, Chequers, Backgammon, etc., because of their inevitable tendency to impair digestion and incite head-ache. If played at all, they should be played by men who give their days to muscular, out-door exertion, and at night feel too tired to study.

I tried fishing again, after being weaned of it throughout my apprenticeship, while stopping with my father at the West, and had some little success in the creeks adjacent to his new home; but I was no longer fascinated by the sport, while the proceeds were of slender bulk and value. The streams were full of brush and overgrown by a tangle of limbs and bushes; the sawdust gradually repelled or killed the trout; the business involved more plague than profit of any kind; and I soon deserted it. I had become, in my poor way, a fisher of men.

I protest against making a business of play. The Yankees are prone to "run the thing into the ground," be it what it may. We work immoderately, and play ditto. I have seen very few holidays during my thirty-six years' sojourn in New York; and such is the experience of a large class; while others have too many play-days—far too many. We must somehow strike a general average, for mutual benefit and the promotion of public health.

I have often cooled my imagination, amid the fervid and sweltering heats of a summer of constant work in the city, with a dream of spending a week amid the lakes and mountains, under the dense forest-shades of "John Brown's Tract," as we term the great northern wilderness wherein the Hudson, Mohawk, Au-Sable, Racket, Black, and other rivers of the eastern half of our State, have their sources; and, though I never found time to set foot therein, I have hardly yet relinquished the hope that I may do so. I was ever the zealous advocate of all works of internal improvement, so called, save those which aim at the heart of that wilderness, threatening to hunt the deer from their last refuge on our soil, and denude of their forest-covering the springs which feed our most useful and valued streams. Strip "John Brown's Tract" of its timber, and the Hudson will cease to be navigable by floating palaces to Albany, from June till October; while desolating floods, especially in spring, will do immense damage from Utica down to Castleton.

I presume, if I were ever to have the week I covet, I should find it insufferably tedious—the mosquitoes biting superbly, the trout shyly, or not at all,—and should long for a return to civilization and its hourly toils and struggles, its thronged pavements, and its damp newspapers with breakfast. Still, I should like to try the experiment; and I hope our children will see, though I shall not, the greater portion of Pike and Monroe counties, with other sterile mountain districts of Eastern Pennsylvania, converted into spacious deer-parks of 50 to 500 square miles each, enclosed by massive stone walls, intersected by belts of grass traversing each tiny valley, (so as speedily to stop the running of any fires that might chance to be started,) planted with the best timber, and held by large companies of share-holders for sporting, under proper regulations. These lands are not now worth $5 per acre in the average; but the timber on them would soon be cheap at $100 per acre if this plan were adopted. They are full of pretty lakes and of spring-fed, swiftly-running streams, which would soon abound with the finest trout if they were simply let alone; with proper arrangements for breeding and feeding, they would produce more of this delicate fish than New York and Philadelphia ever yet saw. A century hence, were these bleak mountains thus dealt with, they would be covered, as of old, with a magnificent forest, containing more serviceable pine than is now standing in all our States east of the Potomac and Lake Erie, and then worth at least $500 per acre.

Yet the fact remains that we do not enjoy our holidays—do not know how to play judiciously and in moderation. Though often invited, I never yet went on a railroad excursion that was to outlast the day of starting; knowing by instinct that it would prove a failure so far as enjoyment was concerned. And my recollection of steamboat excursions, however brief, is, that they were generally bores. I recollect one Fourth of July, long ago, that an excursion to Sandy Hook was advertised that seemed specially inviting; so I overruled my distrust, and went. At 11 A. M., we passengers, some hundreds in number, were debarked, by small boats, on the back side of the island, which we found a sand-heap, thinly bristled with bushes,—its solitary dwelling inhabited by the keeper of the light-house, whose limited stock of bread and bacon scarcely afforded us a fair mouthful each. Our steamboat had returned to the city for a second load; so we bathed, and killed time as well as we could, until she returned,—running aground as she attempted to near the shore. We got aboard, and waited dreary hours—hungry, crowded, and sullen—for the tide to rise and float us off; being tantalized throughout the evening by the shooting up of abundant rockets over the city, barely within our range of vision. At length, we partly floated, partly pulled off; and, at midnight, we were landed at the Battery—as thoroughly wearied and disgusted a lot of disappointed pleasure-seekers as ever crept silently to their homes. I have never since hankered after a sea-ward excursion.

* * *

JOHN ADAMS.

BY JAMES PARTON.

People are mistaken who suppose that we have in America no old families. We have perhaps as many as other countries, only the torrent of emigration and the suddenness with which new fortunes are made and lost, conceal the fact from our observation. The Adams family, for example, which descended from Thomas Adams, one of the first proprietors of Massachusetts, has gone on steadily increasing in wealth and numbers from 1620 to the present time, and the family estate still comprises the lands originally bought by the Adams who was grandfather to the second President of the United States. John Adams died worth one hundred thousand dollars. His son, John Quincy Adams, left, it is said, twice as much, and *his* son, Charles Francis Adams, now minister to London, is supposed to be worth two millions.

John Adams was born October 19, 1735. His father, who was also named John, was a farmer in good circumstances; and, following the custom of such in Massachusetts, he resolved to bring up one of his sons to the ministry, and sent him to Harvard College. In those days distinction of rank was so universally recognized, that the students at Harvard and Yale were recorded and arranged according to the rank and dignity of their parents. I suppose the son of the Governor would have taken precedence of all the rest, unless there chanced to be in the college a scion of the English aristocracy. John Adams, in a class of twenty-four, ranked fourteenth. On State occasions, when the class entered a room, he would have gone in fourteenth. His grandson tells us, that he would not have held even as high a rank as this but that his mother's ancestors were persons of greater consequence than his father's. This custom of arranging the students in accordance with the supposed social importance of their parents prevailed at Harvard until the year 1769, after which the alphabetical order was substituted.

Upon leaving college, he did what almost all poor students did at that day, kept school for awhile before entering upon the studies preparatory to his profession. He tells us, in his Diary, that on commencement day he attracted some attention by his speech, which led to his being appointed Latin master to the grammar school of Worcester, and that three weeks after, when he was not yet twenty years of age, a horse was sent for him and a man to attend him.

> "We made the journey," he says, "about sixty miles, in one day, and I entered on my office."

When the time came for him finally to choose a profession he discovered in his mind a decided repugnance to that of the ministry.

> "I saw," he tells us, "such a spirit of dogmatism and bigotry in clergy and laity, that if I should be a priest I must take my side and pronounce as positively as any of them, or never get a parish, or getting it, must soon leave it. Very strong doubts arose in my mind whether I was made for a pulpit in such times, and I began to think of other professions. I perceived very clearly, as I thought, that the study of theology and the pursuit of it as a profession would involve me in endless altercations and make my life miserable, without any prospect of doing any good to my fellow men."

The truth was that he had ceased to believe some of the doctrines of the orthodox church of New England, and had become what was then called a Deist, and what is now more politely termed a Unitarian; to which faith he ever after adhered.

His father had now done for him all that he could afford, and as it was a custom then for students and apprentices to pay a liberal fee to their instructors and masters, he was somewhat embarrassed in entering the profession of the law, which he had chosen. In his dilemma he went to one of the lawyers of Worcester, whose performances in court he had admired, stated his circumstances and offered himself to him as his clerk and pupil. The lawyer replied, after considering the matter for a few days, that he might board in his house for the sum allowed by the town, and that he should pay him a fee of a hundred dollars whenever it might be convenient. The young man jumped at this offer and was soon established as schoolmaster and law student. In due time he was admitted to the bar, and returning to his father's house, endeavored to set up in the practice of the profession.

His father lived then at Braintree, a small and obscure town fourteen miles from Boston, where there was very little chance for a young lawyer. For some years his gains were small and his anxieties severe. It was not until after his father's death that his circumstances were alleviated, and he was enabled to marry. His marriage was one of the most fortunate ever contracted in this world: for not only was the lady one of the most amiable and accomplished of women, but, being a member of a numerous and influential family, she brought to her husband a great increase of business. He was then twenty-nine years of age, full of energy and ambition, and gradually made his way to a profitable practice.

The first office the future President ever held was that of road-master to the town in which he lived. He was next entrusted with three offices at once—namely, selectman, assessor, and overseer of the poor; the duties of all of which he discharged to the satisfaction of his neighbors. It was during the Stamp Act agitation of 1765, that he began to emerge from the obscurity of a country lawyer. One of the odious and tyrannical measures of the royal government was, to close all the courts in the colony, which put a sudden termination to the business of the lawyers.

> "I was," says Adams in his Diary, "but just getting into my gears, just getting under sail, and an embargo is laid upon the ship! Thirty years of my life are passed in preparation for business. I have had poverty to struggle with; envy and jealousy and malice of enemies to encounter; no friends, or but few, to assist me; so that I had groped in dark obscurity till of late, and had but just become known and gained a small degree of reputation, when this execrable project was set on foot for my ruin, as well as that of America in general, and of Great Britain!"

But, while he was indulging these gloomy apprehensions, he was astonished to receive a letter from Boston informing him that that town, by a unanimous vote, had appointed him one of its counsel to appear before the Governor in support of the memorial praying that the courts be re-opened. This measure of closing the courts of law was not long persisted in; but the honor conferred upon John Adams, by so important a place as Boston, brought him into increased prominence, and opened the way to more valuable business than had previously fallen to his share. It led soon to his removal to Boston, where he continued to reside down to the period when he was called to the service of his country in the Revolutionary war.

One of the most honorable actions of his life was defending the British soldiers who participated in what is called the "Boston massacre." An altercation having arisen between the soldiers and some of the town's people, it ended in the soldiers firing upon the crowd, as they alleged, in self-defence. Being put upon their trial for murder, John Adams braved the obloquy of defending them. It was honorable to the people of Boston that they should have recognized the right of those soldiers, odious as they were, to a fair trial, and respected the motives of their favorite in volunteering to defend them.

When the first Congress was summoned to meet at Philadelphia, John Adams was one of the five gentlemen elected to represent the colony of Massachusetts. It was sorely against his will and his interest that he accepted the appointment. In the debate which preceded the Declaration of Independence, he is said, by Mr. Jefferson, to have excelled all his colleagues. There was a boldness, decision, and fire about his speeches which carried conviction to many wavering minds. When the great measure was passed on the second of July, 1776, he went home, and wrote that celebrated letter to his wife:

> "The day is passed. The second of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forever more.
>
> "You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this declaration and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means, and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it—which, I trust in God, we shall not."

The reader will observe that he speaks of the *second* day of July as the one which posterity would commemorate. It was indeed on that day that the great decision was made by Congress; but, as the Declaration of Independence was formally approved and signed on the fourth of July, that day has ever been observed as the birth-day of the Republic.

With his services in promoting the Declaration of Independence, the *great* part of Mr. Adams' life ended. He was, soon after, appointed to go abroad as one of the embassadors representing the infant nation at Paris; but never was there a man less at home in a Court, or less adapted by nature for a diplomatist. He neither understood nor respected the people among whom he lived, and whom he was required to gratify and conciliate. At the same time, he was curiously destitute of all that we call tact; while he was possessed with a vanity the most egregious that ever blinded a man of real worth and ability. He offended the French ministry; he perplexed Dr. Franklin, who was one of the greatest diplomatists that ever lived, as well as one of the most honest and simple; he excited the ridicule of the French people. In a word, he was out of place in France, and rendered his country little service there and less honor. Returning home, some time after the conclusion of peace, he was called once more from his farm at Quincy, to serve as Vice-President under the new Constitution. This office he filled with credit and dignity for eight years, at the expiration of which he succeeded General Washington in the Presidency.

The same qualities which made him a bad negotiator prevented his acquiring credit as the chief magistrate of the nation. He was a bad judge of men, and he was wedded to certain ancient and unpopular ideas which prevented his retaining the confidence of the masses. He was a kind of republican tory, at a time when the feeling of the nation was setting powerfully in the opposite direction. At the same time, his vanity, his quickness of temper, his total want of management, his blind trust in some men and his blind distrust of others continually estranged from him those who would naturally have been his friends and supporters. After serving four years, he was whirled from his place by a tornado of democratic feeling.

Not to be once re-elected was then considered as a disgrace, and Mr. Adams was, for many years, regarded as a man who had been tried in a high place and found wanting. His grandson mentions that his letters, during the last year of his Presidency, may be counted by thousands; while those of the next year averaged less than two a week! Gradually, however, as party passions subsided, the real and great merits of John Adams were once more recognized, and his errors and foibles were first forgiven, and then forgotten. During the last twenty-six years of his life, he lived upon the product of two or three farms which he possessed, one of which was that of his own father and grandfather. Toward the close of his life, he gave up one of his farms to his son, John Quincy, on condition of receiving from him an annuity for the rest of his life.

He lived to the great age of ninety years. He lived long enough to see his son President of the United States. He lived long enough to read the novels of Scott and Cooper, and the poetry of Byron. He lived long enough to hail the dawn of the fourth of July, 1826. A few days before, a gentleman called upon him and asked him to give a toast, which should be presented at the fourth of July banquet, as coming from him. The old man said:

"I will give you: INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!"

"Will you not add something to it?" asked his visitor.

"Not a word," was the reply.

The toast was presented at the banquet, where it was received with deafening cheers; and almost at that moment the soul of this great patriot passed away. Among the last words that could be gathered from his dying lips were these:

"Thomas Jefferson still survives."

But Thomas Jefferson did not survive. On the same Fourth of July, a few hours before, Jefferson also departed this life. Few events have ever occurred in the United States more thrilling to the people than the death, on the same anniversary of the nation's birth, of these two aged, venerable, and venerated public servants.

The remains of John Adams and his wife repose, side by side, in a church of the town in which they lived. Beneath a bust of the President, by Horatio Greenough, may be read the following inscription, written by John Quincy Adams:

Beneath these walls
Are deposited the mortal remains of
JOHN ADAMS,
Son of John and Susannah (Boylston) Adams,
Second President of the United States;
Born, 19 October, 1735.
On the Fourth of July, 1776,
He pledged his life, fortune, and sacred honor
To the Independence of his country.
On the third of September, 1783,
He affixed his seal to the definitive treaty with Great Britain,
Which acknowledged that independence
And consummated the redemption of his pledge.
On the Fourth of July, 1826,
He was summoned
To the Independence of Immortality,
And to the judgment of his God.
This house will bear witness to his piety;
This town, his birth place, to his munificence;
History, to his patriotism;
Posterity, to the depth and compass of his mind.
At his side
Sleeps till the trump shall sound,
ABIGAIL,
His beloved and only wife,
Daughter of William and Elizabeth (Quincy) Smith;
In every relation of life a pattern
Of filial, conjugal, maternal and social virtues.
Born November the 11th, 1744,
Deceased 28 October, 1818,
Aged 74.
Married 25 October, 1764.
During an union of more than half a century
They survived in harmony of sentiment, principle and affection,
The tempests of civil commotion;
Meeting undaunted, and surmounting
The terrors and trials of that revolution
Which secured the freedom of their country,
Improved the condition of their times,
And brightened the prospects of futurity
To the race of man upon earth.
Pilgrim,
From lives thus spent thy earthly duties learn;
From fancy's dreams to active virtue turn;
Let freedom, friendship, faith, thy soul engage,
And serve, like them, thy country and thy age.

* * *

AFFECTED LOCOMOTION.

Grace lends a fascination to an ordinary figure which the most symmetrical proportions cannot exercise without it. But, unfortunately, a great many ladies entertain mistaken ideas as to what constitutes the poetry of motion. Neither the demonstrative swing nor the high-tragedy gait with which some of our Broadway Hebes and Junos endeavor to show off their different styles of person, approximate it at all. The tall and stately creature with trailing garments, who moves, or tries to move, as if she trod on necks, and liked that sort of pavement, is not nearly so Juno-like as she may think; and, on the other hand, the plump and *petite* maiden who makes her looped-up skirts describe the segment of a circle at every step, is more apt to provoke laughter than to excite admiration. Both these styles of "going" are affectations; and affectations of every kind are an abomination to people of correct taste. A lady should neither amble nor strut, but glide along as if unconscious that any body was looking at her. Walking should be an unstudied act, not a *performance*. All the world is *not* a stage, in the common acceptance of the term, nor is it necessary that ladies should tread its streets like tragedy queens, or genteel comedy misses, or skipping *soubrettes*.

* * *

Mischievous Fools.

Few men are capable of doing more harm than those who are considered too weak and insignificant to do any. The mischief perpetrated by reckless and malicious fools is prodigious. Probably one-fourth of the great wars by which the earth has at various times been desolated have originated in the acts or words of men or women of a low order of intellect; and half the quarrels and bickerings of modern society might be traced to the same apparently insignificant causes. Great minds are magnanimous: it is your mean, grovelling brains that are most prone to conceive and execute evil. There is a dogged persistency in the wickedness of malignant fools that makes them dangerous; and a blockhead's vagaries cannot be calculated upon in advance, and, consequently, no rational mode of defence is a safeguard against his monstrous devices. Solomon, who understood the matter perfectly, truly remarks, that, although "a stone is heavy and the sand weighty,**** a fool's wrath is heavier than them both."

* * *

[From the Baltimore Daily Commercial.]

Work—Something to Young Men.

We would advise the young men of this city to read the "Recollections of a Busy Life," now being published in the *New York Ledger* by Horace Greeley. In this week's number Mr. Greeley says he arrived in New York at the age of twenty years, "tall, slender, pale and plain, with ten dollars in his pocket, summer clothing worth perhaps as much more, nearly all on his back, and a decent knowledge of so much of the art of printing as a boy will usually learn in the office of a country newspaper, with an unmistakeably rustic manner and address that did not favor the immediate command of remunerating employment." He did not go to a fashionable boarding-house, but put up at an establishment where he obtained sufficient for his needs at two dollars and a half a week. Starting out to procure work, he canvassed the entire range of printing offices, and only succeeded after his fatiguing tramp, in getting employment on work of such a character, that at times it scarcely yielded sufficient to pay his board, and at best not over a dollar a day, notwithstanding he labored through twelve to fourteen hours a day. As poor as it was, he stuck to it until something better turned up, and this plan he has pursued all through life, until now there is no name more familiar to the people of this country than that of Horace Greeley.

In directing the attention of the young men to this biography, it is with the hope that they may draw a useful lesson from its perusal.

* * *

Young Mr. Vanderbilt and Horace Greeley.

An unwelcome, and rather unpleasant notoriety has been given among newspaper people, of late, to the name of Vanderbilt, by the application of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the younger, for discharge, in bankruptcy, from his debts—amounting to over fifty thousand dollars—in sums from one dollar upwards. The largest creditor is the Hon. Horace Greeley—$13,905 00, borrowed money. We believe in holding every man to a strict accountability for his own acts and words; but the disposition manifested in some quarters to hold the Commodore responsible for his son, where he has not signed for him, is, in our opinion, unjust. It is only fair towards the Commodore for us to say this; and we take pleasure in saying it, notwithstanding he manifested a little want of amiability—excusable, perhaps, in a man of his years—in replying to a good-natured letter from us in a horse-controversy into which he recently drew us. The sum is large, to be sure, for Mr. Greeley to lose; but it illustrates his characteristic benevolence. If anything could tempt us to trot horses for money, we should be inclined to do it in this case, and offer the gate-money to Mr. Greeley, as he is one of our most distinguished contributors—provided he would consent to it—towards making up his heavy loss at the hands of the younger Mr. Vanderbilt.

* * *

—Commodore Vanderbilt, in a card which he publishes over his own signature, expresses a willingness to "enrich" some "worthy charity" by allowing one of his horses to trot against one of ours, in a public race: a challenge quite safe for him to make, knowing as he does that we never trot for money. Now, it strikes us that if the Commodore is really very anxious to "enrich" some "worthy charity" it is quite easy for him, inasmuch as he is said to be worth about fifty millions, to do so without descending, in his old age, to trotting horses for gate-money. There would be less notoriety, but not less merit, it seems to us, in making a small contribution privately.

A RED ROSARY.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

A tinge of crimson, blue and gold,
Upon the foliage far and near,
Seems like the rainbow wide unrolled,
And stretched across a hemisphere,
Or silken banners fold on fold,
Up-borne by hosts of heroes here.

There the wood-robin's empty nest,
Swings in lone silence on the tree,
Like a sad heart in sighing breast,
Whose thoughts like leaves drop fitfully;
Will spring return the singing guest,
And bring my darlings back to me?

Behold the steepling evergreen,
Its plume unfading waves above,
The painted monarch of the scene,
Emblem of hope and lasting love;
When age like autumn comes, I ween,
The tree of hope will shield the dove.

There stands the poor, old, withered briar,
No blossoms on its stricken stem,
Its leaves are burning in their fire,
Each berry seems a sacred gem;
And Autumn, like a holy friar,
Makes a red rosary of them.

As Joseph's coat of varied dyes
Was proof of Jacob's love sincere,
So the soft tints that please our eyes,
On river bank and mountain drear,
Are a broad mantle from the skies,
Which wraps a favored nation here.

O breeze, the balm of forests bring!
O Indian Summer smiling nigh,
Drop from thy lap the birds that sing,
For winter soon will drape the sky.
Come, oriole, on sunny wing—
One song before the Fall flowers die.

For all its crown of gold the elm
Is casting to the silent dust,
The north wind holds the reckless helm
Of clouds that birds refuse to trust,
And winter hastes to overwhelm
The world with snow and stormy gust.

ABN[illegible]R GAULT;

OR,

THE H[illegible]ND OF FATE

By MA[illegible] KYLE DALLAS.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. BURLEIGH MAKES UP HER MIND.

When Peter Plumb returned to the dingy room where he hal left Abner there was a surprising change in his personal appearance, which the boy remarked at once.

Peter had been to some Chatham-street clothing store, and had bought a suit of flashy, cheap clothing and a sec[illegible]hand beaver hat, and had not been able to [illegible]n from the purchase of a tawdry ring, wi[illegible]red stone in it, which adorned his littl[illegible]r. He was smoking a cigar, and smelt[illegible]or, and was in the best possible spirits.

"Hullo, Luck[illegible]ny! How are we?" he cried, jocosely. "You didn't know me at first, did you? A man don't look like a gent until he's dressed accordin'. I've come into a little annuity, you see quite unexpected; and now, suppose you get up and we'll give you a rig, and I'll show you a little life,—as nice a dog fight as ever was got up, be t'other one what it may."

Abner sat up on the bed, feeling very much depressed and a little frightened; though the man certainly had intended to be kind to him, he thought, or he never would have promised so many things which he evidently thought were for his good and pleasure. But he did not like him, and wanted to get away.

"You are very kind, sir," he said. "I'm sure I feel very much obliged. But I suppose, if I want to find dear Mrs. Crub and tell her all that has happened to me, I really ought to go right away. Mr. Crub keeps a school, and he is the best friend I have living; and it is almost certain, I think, that they would show me how to earn a living, and learn something, too. She used to have a boy to clean knives and run of errands. I'd rather do that and be taught odd times, as he was by such kind folks, than live anywhere with strangers. Wouldn't you?"

"Well—yes, I would," said the ruffian—"I would. But see here, young un; it's a great pity for you, and I'm very sorry, but I'm afraid I've got some bad news for you."

The crafty cunning of his brutal face increased as he spoke. Any one of experience could have seen that he was lying; but Abner was, after all, only a child, and could not fathom the meaning of the bad man's expression.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "Oh, please, what do you mean?"

"Wait a bit," said Peter. "I don't want to scare you onnecessary. Was this here man a school teacher?"

"Yes, sir," said Abner.

"Ah, so was *he*," said Peter.

Abner trembled with alarm.

"So was he," he repeated.

"So was he," said Peter, with a groan.

There was a pause; then Peter said:

"What kind of a man to look at?"

"Very nice—so gentlemanly, ma said," said Abner.

"Ah, yes," said Peter. "And had a wife?"

"Oh yes,—dear Mrs. Crub," said Abner.

"How did she look?" asked Peter.

"She had blue eyes and light hair," said Abner.

"Yes—I knew it," said Peter. "And they lived?"

"—— street, No. —," said Abner.

"It's the same," said Peter.

"Oh! what do you mean?" said Abner.

"Don't ask me," said the ruffian.

"Oh! what can it be?" said Abner again.

Peter Plumb only groaned.

"You'll cry when you hear it," he said, after a while. "Ah, young un, this is a dreadful world!"

Abner had felt some of its woes already. He could only tremble.

"The best on us goes first," said the wretch.

"Are they gone *too?*" wailed Abner.

"I regret fur to tell you, yes," said Peter.

"Both—both!" sobbed the boy.

"To think they should be *your* friends," said Peter.

"My only friends," sobbed Abner.

"And I went to both their funerals!" said Peter.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Abner.

"Both," said Peter. "They died of cholera."

The boy wept.

"It took 'em sudden. Fust, *she* went, and then him," said the ruffian, enjoying his lie immensely, "and they're in Greenwood, under a marble toombstone, with their names onto it, and an angel flying over it,—all cut out in the splendidest manner; and the school is shut up, and there aint none of the old scholars there. It's a world o' dreadful changes, young un."

"Dead!" sobbed Abner; "and I'll never see her, and she did not know that I could not write because Mr. Parker took my paper and things away. She thinks I didn't love her for all her kindness to me. She thinks me a bad, ungrateful boy. Oh! dear, good, kind lady."

"So she was, nigh a'most an angel," said Peter, who thought it all a splendid joke. "And I suppose you must feel very bad; I do myself. But, now I come to think of it, she *did* speak of you jest before she departed this here life. Sez she: 'There's a boy I think a heap of, and he'd oughter writ to me, but he haint. Hows'ever,' sez she, 'I reckon that old feller has took away his paper and ink, or else he's sick, or something. He's such an oncommon boy, I can't think no harm of him.'"

"Did *she* say that?" cried Abner.

"Would I go and say so if she didn't?" asked Peter. "'And more'n that,' she says,—'ef you ever come across him be friendly for my sake; and tell him I said you'd be the best adviser he could get;' with which words she flowed to spears above, young un. I didn't tell you about it when I met you, because I knowed how you'd feel. I kinder kep it to myself. But cheer up. You've got a friend, or a brother, or a grandfather, or any relation you'd like to consider me; and I'll stick to you, Lucky Penny, as long as you're of value—ha! ha! ha!"

And there the man began to laugh, finding his own rich joke too much for him.

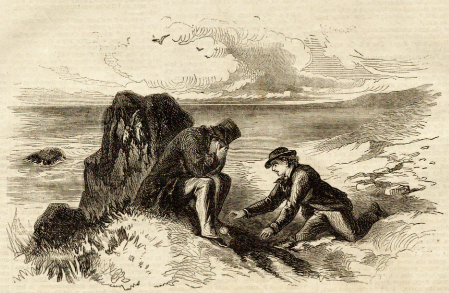
"I'm laughing to cheer you up, young un," he explained; "and now let's go and see them dorgs and have our supper."

But Abner was too much overcome with grief to go anywhere, or to think of anything but his lost friends, who were in reality alive and well, within a mile or two of the room in which he had listened to these falsehoods; and Peter left him again to shed bitter tears, and wonder whether he should ever have any one to care for, or to care for him, in all the world.

If Mrs. Burleigh, in her luxurious home, could have seen the child at that moment, her heart would have softened to the little orphan. But, as it was, she only thought of her own poor boy (as she called the pretty child in the handsome bed, set where she could see it by the soft light of the night lamp, as she lay upon her pillow.)

She pitied him with the great pity of a mother's heart as she fancied his life might be clouded by the existence of that other child whom she had robbed of its inheritance; that it was possible that he might even lose all that she had gained for him at some unexpected moment, and be cast, a beggar, upon the world.

She wrung her small, creamy hands at the thought. To her mind poverty was the greatest earthly ill possible to mortal.



ABNER FINDS PLUMB OUT.

"My little darling poor!" she said. "My pretty little darling poor! It never shall be—never—never, while I live. I wish the little wretch had been drowned with his parents. I wish he would die now. Oh, God forgive me, I wish he would die *now!*"

And the misguided woman burst into a passion of tears, knowing well how evil her thoughts were, and that her prayer for forgiveness was a simple mockery until she had repented of them. From the day on which she had married her husband until his death, Mrs. Burleigh had heard constant murmurings against the fate which had made one brother a rich man and left the other to struggle for his bread in one of those gentlemanly and poorly-paid positions to which men of refinement unhappily are too prone to resort.

Then, too, her husband had said so often, "Had I been the favored one, I would have scorned to rob my brother—*I* would have divided all with him," and she had implicitly believed this, knowing Eugene's generous nature, and had been so angry with Albert that she always regarded him as an enemy, even though there was no quarrel; and the rich brother had sent many a costly present to the struggling one, and had given her a silver service on her wedding-day, and brought his wife to her home at once, on his return from Europe.

Perhaps, too, his wife was not wrong when she thought that her Eugene might have lived longer if he had been wealthy. Hours spent bending over a desk in a close, down-town office, had weakened his chest and rendered him more liable to colds and coughs than he would otherwise have been; and he could not obey the doctor's orders and "run away to the country," when such rest might have saved his life. And, out of the tenderest and strongest feelings of her soul, the love for her poor husband and for the baby-boy, about whom he had twined his dying arms, whispering faintly, "If I could only leave you both rich, darling, it could not be so hard," had arisen the great sin of Mrs. Burleigh's life. When she had concealed the existence of her brother-in-law's boy, she had almost fancied herself doing a just and holy action. Now the consequences of her crime were thickening and deepening. The even tenor of her life was broken. The man who had been her tool was now her greatest terror. He had her in his power, and he was a bad and cruel man. He would stop at nothing, and, after keeping her in cruel torture for years, might at last betray her. It had been enough to fancy the child whose existence was the bane of her life safe and happy under a woman's care. She had often thought with satisfaction that good old Mrs. Gault would be a mother to him, and that he would want for nothing. Now she could not be content, knowing that he lived. It ended there—it was in vain for her to deny it to herself. Only to have heard that the poor child was dead could have made her happy.

In the gray dawn, when poor little Abner, kneeling at his bedside, prayed as he had once been taught to—that God would have mercy on him, Mrs. Burleigh arose with her heart cold and hard toward the boy, who stood between her son and his inheritance, resolved that the time should soon come when he could be a terror to her no longer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE COMPACT.

Abner had nothing in his young mind to replace that plan of going to Mrs. Crub and asking her advice except the thought that Mr. Bunn might undertake to teach him his trade; and when, in Peter Plumb's absence, he went out and found the house, the carpenter and his wife were no longer there. They had moved in May to some part of Brooklyn, and talked of going West. This was all the present occupant of the rooms could tell Abner, and he went home sad and disheartened. Peter Plumb flew into a rage when he heard where he had been, but, after some beer, grew good-natured again, and forgave him. And the boy, knowing that he was anxious to keep him with him, and believing—though he certainly wondered at the choice—that his teacher's wife had confided him to Peter's care, gave up what seemed to be but offering a vain resistance to the hand of fate, and stayed with the ruffian.

He dressed Abner tolerably, fed him, and only abused him when he was intoxicated. Moreover he took him to see his dog-fights, and endeavored to teach him to appreciate their merits, but Abner disgraced him by fainting at the horrible spectacle, and begged piteously not to be taken again. So, afterwards, Peter went alone. He always locked Abner in on such occasions, but he provided him with an intellectual treat in the shape of the Police Journal before he went, and gave him a pipe and some coarse tobacco to practice smoking with. The result of this last act of kindness was a fit of sickness, and Abner gave up the vain attempt, but not the literary treat. In those lonely hours the columns of the paper were perused over and over again, and new interest given to them by the fact that the man who murdered his wife, or shot a policeman, or was arrested for picking pockets, was often an acquaintance of Mr. Plumb's, and the two used to talk over the news as members of Upper-tendom might over the fashionable intelligence.

Then there was the window of the room looking down upon a back portion of a groggery; and Abner used to lean out of that, listening to the talk of the persons who frequent such places and becoming familiar with language profane and obscene beyond description.

Poor Mrs. Gault's good motherly heart would have ached for her darling could she have seen him.

It was such a horrible neighborhood that every thing within it was contaminated.

The little children of decent poor men who would have lived somewhere else, had they had more means, learnt to swear and to call each other filthy names.

A little green parrot, swinging in a cage,—as bright and pretty a thing as ever fluttered through tropical groves,—made one's hair stand on end with its vile language. Men lay in gutters all day. Drunken women quarrelled with each other at their doors. Miserable babies ate rubbish from the gutters, and fought each other for the possession of cabbage-leaves and rotten apples. And, at night, many a horrible "row" made the street ring and summoned a squad of policemen to the spot. These things terrified Abner at first, but interested him afterwards. And so the month passed, and Peter Plumb began to think of Mrs. Burleigh again. Remembering the shock his shabby appearance had given to the household, he was careful on the day of his second visit to spruce himself up. He went to a barber and had his hair parted behind and brushed out at the sides in a way which was the hairdresser's idea of style, and which was patronized by gentlemen in the pocket-picking and house-breaking line; and he actually put on a clean shirt. Then he went to a pawnbroker's and took out of pawn an immense old-fashioned watch, which the old Jew had held for a long while.

"Now I'm a gent, I might as well look like one," he said, as he dangled the seals outside of his pocket and felt himself at last perfect; "and I reckon they'll think I'm somebody not to be sneezed at now."

And he took a Madison avenue stage for Mrs. Burleigh's residence.

"You'll tell her it's the shoemaker," he said to the boy at the door.

And the youth showed him into the reception room without delay, and in a moment more the swish and sweep of a silken robe fell on his ear again, and Mrs. Burleigh was before him.

This time she did not stand. She locked the door and put the key in her pocket, and sat down in a great brocatelle chair, with a look upon her face which contrasted greatly with her former suppressed agitation.

"Is she going to defy me?" thought Peter.

But her first action assured him to the contrary. She put her cream-tinted hand into her pocket and drew forth a folded paper.

"I expected you and am prepared, you see," she said.

And Peter, unfolding the paper, saw that it was a check for one hundred dollars."

"That's acting lady-like," said he. "You're a trump, Missus. Why just treat me *so*, and you make yourself easy about the young un."

"I cannot see how *you* can be easy," said Mrs. Burleigh. "If money is your object, you can never be sure of anything. I might die, you know; and even if my boy were old enough, I am sure he would not conceal the truth for his own advantage. I may be easy, but *you*."

"What do you mean, Missus?" said Peter Plumb, looking at the lady nervously. "I aint to be tricked, you know. I'm too sharp for that. I——"

Mrs. Burleigh laughed.

"I want to talk with you," said she. "Having gone so far, I'll admit that I am the person who called upon you, and that if the child we know of is alive, I should not like to have him produced. You may have the real child with you, or only some one to be palmed off as the child. In either case it would be unpleasant to have a scene, and worse than that if you could prove his claim. What I want is complete riddance of the little wretch. Take him to the ends of the earth. Hide him somewhere where he cannot return, and I will give you more than you can dream of gaining otherwise."

Peter Plumb shook his head.

"I know my weakness for a public-house. 'Twould all go in that," he said. "A reg'lar salary for me."

Mrs. Burleigh looked at the man quietly

"These windows are barred," she said. "I have the key of the door in my pocket, and outside in the hall is my coachman waiting for my orders. Remember that. Besides, you can have by fair means what you would find it hard to get by foul."

"You're talking conundrums," said Peter, gruffly.

Mrs. Burleigh smiled again.

"I am only giving you a warning," she said. "I am about to show you something of immense value. People have been murdered for less——Great Heavens! what ails you?"

For the man, as she spoke, had turned from her and was grinding himself against the wall.

"Ah!" he hissed; "ah, look! Don't let her get to me, Missus. I see the blood on her cap, and her little old face is whiter than ever. Ah! ah! ah! send her away—the old woman."

Mrs. Burleigh sunk back in her chair unable to rise and fly.

"What old woman? There is none here," she gasped.

And the man lifted his head, great beads of perspiration dropping from his brow.

"No, she aint here *now*," he said. "Don't think nothin', Missus. I've been taking more'n I ought, perhaps. You was sayin'——?"

He leant over his chair-back now, his hands upon it as he sat astride, his chin upon his hands, and there was an abject something in his face very different from its usual brutality. It reassured Mrs. Burleigh, and she went on:

"I said I desired to show you something very valuable," she said. "And I need fear nothing, for at a word you are the possessor."

And she drew from her bosom a small packet, opened it, and drew thence a set of ornaments—necklace, bracelets, ring, brooch and earrings—all of dazzling diamonds.

As they flashed in the light, the man uttered a cry of astonishment and admiration.

The lady smiled, and spread the jewels out upon the crimson cloth of a little table.

"These are diamonds of the first water," she said. "Albert Burleigh's wedding present to his bride. They were amongst her wardrobe. *No one knows of their existence but myself.*"

She paused and looked at the man. He looked at her, his fingers trembling as he unconsciously stretched them out.

"You said, I think, that your weakness was for keeping a public-house," she said. "Now, valuing these fairly, you might do as you chose. They are worth a fortune in themselves."

And she named the value.

The man's eyes sparkled.

"Take the boy where I shall never hear from him again," she said. "I don't care *where;* I don't care *how;* only do it, and those are yours. I may die next week, and you will lose nothing, and I will be at peace if I live. If you find that I have deceived you, you can revenge yourself. I am in your power. But I do not. I swear that these are worth even more than I named. Take them, and name the sum which it will cost to send the boy to—say to Africa—to Australia—and I will give you that also."

"It's a temptation," said the man. "It *is* a temptation, and I'm weak on one p'int, as you know. Why don't you say send the young un to Heaven, though, if *that* is what you *mean?*"

The lady shuddered.

"I only mean let me never hear anything of him again," she said.

The man nodded.

"Nobody knows anything about it but me," he said. "And look here; if them diamonds is as right as they look, I'll take the boy where nobody will ever see him again that knows him now. I'll swear to do that. Why, what you said they're worth would help a man start three or four public-houses, and no matter if he *did* fail at first. I'll do it. After all it's a square thing; and I'll let you know when he's in—well, as you say, Africa or Australia."

"And you will trouble me no more?" said the lady. "You will go your way,—I mine?"

"I'll never trouble you or myself," said the man. "If these are genuine, why I can show 'em what a public-house is. I'll have a start. You're rid of the varmint and of me for good."

He was in earnest. Mrs. Burleigh saw that.

"Remember *I* don't want any harm to happen to him," she said.

"Only if he happens to die or anything, you wouldn't go into mourning," said the man. "I think I know how to dispose of him where he'll not trouble New York again. As for passage, no matter—I'll pay that."

He gathered up the jewels as he spoke, his face aglow with joy. He hid them in his bosom.

"If these here are all right, why good-bye for good," he said, and shambled toward the door. It was still locked, but Mrs. Burleigh arose and opened it.

"Good morning, Mr. Plumb," she said, as her stout coachman turned his head towards them. "Your shoes suit quite well, and I'm glad you are increasing your business. If I have any further orders you shall know," and glided up stairs with a smile upon her face, humming a little tune.

But her face was hard and stern again as she stood at the window of her own room, watching Peter Plumb down the street, and a frightened look came over it when Eugene five minutes afterward rushed into the room, crying:

"Oh, mamma! that man, that queer shoemaker, was here just now! Did you see him? He's cleaner than he was, but just as queer; and he asked me if I was the little fellow that would only give poor Abner Gault half my money, and, said he, 'Not all, ah, dear, well, we won't ask you,'" and he laughed. "Abner Gault—I never *shall* forget that name."

And he did not for two weeks after, when he had some childish attack of illness and was feverish, she heard him mutter it to himself in his sleep, with a little laugh, at least a dozen times.

CHAPTER XVIX.

AN UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS.

There is said to be some "honor amongst thieves." In a certain way Pete Plumb intended to be honorable, and Mrs. Burleigh felt that he did. He knew that he only fulfilled his contract by putting the boy where the lady would hear no more of him than if he were actually dead; and as he had no wish to harm Abner, but rather a sort of liking for him, and felt wondrously rich and, as a natural thing, extremely good-natured in consequence, he determined to coax the child to go to sea.

Abner had shot up tall and straight and looked older than he really was, and it would be no hard matter to pass him off for fourteen years old, at least, and he thought of going to Maine, where, in the course of a roving life, he had been once before, and shipping him thence as apprentice on a whaling voyage. It was not likely he would ever turn up again, and if he could but induce him to change his name, it would not matter if he did. Knowing of the boy's fear that the old miser might pursue him, Peter Plumb felt that this would be a very easy matter.

"Ever been to sea?" he asked Abner that night.

"No," replied the boy. "Have you?"

"Spent half my life there, young un," said Peter, lying with surprising ease. "There's no life like it, I tell you."

"It must be jolly," said poor little Abner.

"Jolly aint a word for it," said Peter. "It's all fun and freedom, and the air is so fresh, and there's lots of grub and nothing to do but sing and dance and tell long yarns, and you see whales and porposies and fish of all kinds, and you get a pocket full of money and have no bother, and see foreign countries, and get all kind of things there—parrots, and monkeys, and shells, and ivory fans, and sweetmeats, and you go where you like and do what you please."

"Oh, that would be nice," said Abner, who had grown weary of the fights in the tenement house and the Police Journal.

"Wouldn't it?" said Peter. "It's a pity you're too small, young un."

"I'm growing fast," said Abner.

"So you are," said Peter—"very fast. Ah, it is a pity. You'd like to see the whales?"

"Oh, *so* much!" said Abner; "and to sail in a grand great ship, and climb up the masts and see the beautiful sea!"

"Yes and get to be captain arterwards," said Peter, "and own a ship."

"Should I?" cried Abner.

"Why if you conducted yourself proper, *of course* you'd be made captain after awhile," said Peter. "Naturally, you know. First you're a'prentice, and then you're a hand, with pockets full of gold and silver, whenever you come ashore, and then you're second mate, and then first, and then captain and owner—ha, ha, ha! such a jolly life!"

"Just like we used to be promoted in school?" said Abner.

"Exactly, young un," said Peter Plumb. "Precisely. Well, it *is* a pity you aint older, but I've got a friend that is a sea captain, and I shouldn't wonder now if he mightn't take you 'prentice. It would be out o' friendship for me if he did."

And poor Abner's eyes grew bright at the thought, and the two talked together about the sea, and Peter concocted an unusual number of falsehoods and told stories of the sea which would have astonished any sailors who might have heard them; and it was decided that on the next day they should start to see "the captain," who was an invention of Peter Plumb's, but whom he represented as a merry, good-humored, handsome man, always willing to do a friend a favor and treating apprentices and cabin boys like his own sons or brothers.

So in the morning, not troubling themselves much about luggage, the two companions left the city and travelling at their ease, Peter Plumb spending his newly acquired money—(he had already sold two of the diamonds and discovered that their value was very great)—with an air which he fancied proved him a gentleman, but which excited some suspicions of his honesty.

The watch he had taken out of pawn ticked in his pocket. He wore a ring on *each* little finger, a pin on his cravat, and great gold sleeve buttons. His scented hair-oil heralded his appearance, and his hat was set sideways over one ear. Under his clothes he wore the belt in which the diamonds were concealed. But Mr. Plumb, despite all his finery, fancied one shirt sufficient for a journey of a week and carried no portmanteau. Clean linen was a matter of minor importance in his eyes, and indeed he washed his hands but rarely, despite the twin rings.

Tidy "Down East" country people marvelled at his general effect, and even the waiters at the stopping-places were not taken in by his airs and plentiful supply of cash. But Peter did not know this, and when at last they reached the vicinity of the town where he intended to ship poor Abner on a whaling voyage, he began to think of precautions and to concoct a story about the boy which would account for his desire to send him to sea. He almost repented of looking so "very stylish," and fancied that it might have been better to have appeared as a poor man. However, that was not to be done now, and he might even send Abner to endeavor to find a place for himself in one of the numerous whalers. The only difficulty was his size and age and his delicate face. Even Peter Plumb saw the difference between that and the countenances of such boys as usually are chosen by sea captains even for less dangerous voyages. When once in Portland he found his task less easy than he had anticipated. There were plenty of boys, and plenty of them found no berths. But the sight of the shipping and the breath of the salt sea air drove Abner half wild with longing to be a sailor, and finally Peter Plumb resolved to leave him with some money in his pocket to his own resources. Many a good-natured captain might take a lad on board under such circumstances, and he was too far from New York to come back again, and now that the idea of a sailor's life was in his mind, would end sooner or later, if he lived, by going to sea.

So, late in the afternoon of a bright day, Peter Plumb made up his mind to take the boy down to the sea shore and leave him there on some pretence while he went back to New York by the train which would start in an hour.

His compact would be fulfilled and Mrs. Burleigh would hear no more of the boy, whom he had filled with such fear of old Pettibone Parker, whom he had declared to be hunting for him with might and main, that he had promised to call himself John Jones whenever his name was asked. There was no fear that they would meet again, once parted.

He took the boy by the hand and walked out to the water's edge beyond the city. The sun was setting, and the waves were sparkling in the pure light. The masts of vessels, and the sails of the craft afloat upon the water, enlivened the scene. Abner sat down upon the sand to look at it. In his own old home he had been familiar with the sea, and something in the sight brought back some day of those past times more vividly than ever. He turned to Peter.

"Our home looked out upon the water," he said. "We could go down and bathe. Oh how afraid ma used to be that I'd get drowned."

"The lady what took you—Mrs. Gault?" asked Peter.

"Yes; my dearest ma," said Abner.

Then it struck the ruffian that it might be well to know something more of the child's past, and find what friends he might have who were likely to know anything about him. And not that he cared; but as a way of beginning his questions, he said:

"You never told me when the old lady died, or what of. Was it consumption?"

Abner shook his head.

"I never told you because it almost kills me to talk about it. Oh, it was dreadful! She didn't *die* at all; she was—— Oh! oh! oh!"

And the boy hid his face in his hands.

"She aint *alive?*" said Peter in alarm.

"No," said Abner. "If she was I should have a nice home now. She was *killed!*"

"Ah! Smash up on the railway?" asked the man.

"It was worse than *that*," said Abner—"ever so much worse. I'd been to spend my birthday with her, and it was such a pleasant day. I went to school to Mr. Crub, and holidays and Sundays I spent at home; and she made me a present of a watch that day, only I couldn't take it to school because it was against rules. It was such a nice day. She made cake, and we had so many nice things; and when I went away, she went to the door and watched me down the street. It was the corner of —— street, over the dry-goods store."

"It was where?" cried Peter Plumb, with a face turned suddenly to ashy whiteness. "It was *where?*"

Abner repeated what he had said again. The man began to tremble.

"She looked after me," said Abner, "and I saw her dear, pretty face for the last time; for, only think, Peter—only think that there should be such a wretch on earth—somebody came in and killed her in the night—killed *her*, oh! Peter, Peter—killed that dear, kind darling—stabbed her, and cut her, and beat her."

Peter Plumb was hiding his face now. Abner saw that.

"I knew you'd feel bad," he said. "Oh, if you had known her, and how kind and good she was, you'd feel worse. It was for money. She told Mrs. Bunn upstairs that when she went to get a large bill changed, she saw a man looking at her through the window in a dreadful way, and she told me she would have gone to put it in the bank—her rent, I mean, that she had been to collect—only that it was my birthday. It was for money they killed her. They took it, and my watch, and her silver and ornaments. And perhaps she fought for them, and perhaps she only screamed. Mrs. Bunn thought she only did that; and they killed her. She was on the floor, with blood about her, and her face stiff and white, and her eyes staring wide open, when they found her. Oh, what is it? are you frightened?"

For Peter Plumb was crouching against the side of a rock—crouching, and moaning, and spreading out his hands.

"I see her," he said—"I see her: the eyes stony and staring, and the blood all over the white hair. Keep her away, young un! What did she scream for? I'd not have hurt her. Keep her away! There—there—the white face is closer! She's going to touch me with her cold hands! Ah! ah! ah! Keep her away from me! I didn't do it—I didn't—no, no, no!"

And he grovelled on the earth.

And as he grovelled and writhed, he somehow broke the chain of the watch he wore, and, without knowing it, jerked it from his pocket.

It fell on the sandy soil, and the boy stared at it with his blue eyes. He knew the immense, old-fashioned case, the odd engraving and ornamentation; he knew the letters A. G. on the case. It was the watch his adopted mother had given him on the last day of her life. The truth rushed on the boy's mind. This man writhing at his feet was her murderer.

The anguish of that moment was utterly indescribable; the horror was too great to be borne. He had picked up the watch and was staring at it in a kind of imbecile way, when the momentary madness that had attacked the ruffian passed away, and he lifted his head.

"What ye doing with *that?*" he cried.

And snatched it; and had it in his pocket in an instant. But, ere he could say more or rise from his seat upon the rock, Abner had sprung at his throat like a tiger.

"*You* killed her," he cried. "You did; oh, I know it now. That's her watch—I know it. You killed her. Help! help! I've caught him—help! help!"

His voice rang over the sandy shore, with its shrill, boyish clearness.

The wretch trembled. It was but a little hand that clutched his throat, but it was strong that moment with a sort of frenzy. He struggled faintly. The boy sat on his breast. He had flung him backwards as he sprung upon him, and the small nails cut his flesh.

"Help! help! I've got the man that killed her—help me kill him!" shrieked the maddened boy. "Oh, I have lived with you, eat with you, talked to you—and never knew it. I will kill you! kill you! kill you!"

Peter Plumb had regained his strength. He flung the child off, and held him at arms' length, by a great effort.

He had, of course, no fear of him; but his cries might be heard.

"Be quiet, young man," he said. "I don't want to hurt you. I didn't know you were—that is, I didn't know your mother had been killed, you know. I didn't do it—I bought the watch. I——"

"You killed her," screamed the boy. "Oh, you said so when you heard me tell about her. I saw in your face what you meant. Help! help!"

"You'd better be quiet," said Peter, threateningly.

"I never will be quiet," said Abner. "I'll follow you all over the whole wide world. I'll tell every one you killed her; and, if no one will listen, I'll wait until I am old enough to kill you myself."

As far as in him lay, the boy would carry out the threat—Peter Plumb knew that; and now that he knew who the boy was, he feared and hated him.

When, at a moment when his necessities were very great, he had sneaked into poor Mrs. Gault's room to hide himself, and rob her, he had not intended murder or any personal violence, but he had killed her in his terror of detection and arrest, and had fled the city, so that he never knew the name of the woman whose blood was on his hands, as one might who had seen the accounts of the murder in the paper, or read the papers on the walls offering rewards for the detection of the murderer.

This was her adopted child—the avenger of her blood; one who, young as he was, might be the means of bringing him to justice; and one, too, whom he had been bribed to put out of the way. Others besides Mrs. Burleigh desired the death of her young nephew now. The thought rushed into the man's mind that, while Abner Gault lived, he could never be safe.

He had his hand over the boy's mouth now.

"Be still," he hissed; "if you value your life, be still!"

But the hand was forced away, and the determined voice lifted itself again.

"Help! help! help! I've got the man that killed her—help!"

And Peter fancied he heard a sound of horses' feet; and, in his fear, struck the child a furious blow—another—and another, about the head, with his heavy fist.

Perhaps he did not mean it; perhaps he did; but the heavy ring he wore cut into the fair temple.

The blood trickled down Abner's cheek, and still faint and giddy, hearing also the sound of horse's feet, the boy strove to scream again.

"Come quick! I've got him—the man that killed her," and clung to Peter's garments with a furious clutch of his small hands.

It was too much for the brute. A heavy stone lay within reach, and he picked it up, and gave his last blow with that. Then the little hands relaxed, the voice failed, the eyes closed, and Abner lay prone upon the ground mute and motionless. The ruffian stooped over him. No sign of life remained. He lifted up his hands. They fell with a dull thud against the sand again. He was to all appearance dead. And the patter of horse's hoofs sounded nearer. There was no time to be lost. Peter lifted the body in his arms and walked toward the water. The tide was rising. He looked over his shoulder. A dark shape appeared against the sky. It seemed to be a little carriage. There was no shade of bush or rock under which to lay his burthen. A few flat stones, a little moss, a straggling plant, alone broke the level monotony of the shore. But the water, sweeping with slow washes upward, lay before him. He walked into it knee deep, waist deep, breast deep, and dropped the body into the waves. Then he struggled back, wet to the skin, white as a ghost, trembling in every limb. The little gig had reached the shore; a stout old man sitting in it leant out and spoke to him.

"Ye must hev a fancy fur wettin' yer feet, stranger."

Peter looked over his shoulder. The water hid what he had dropped there still.

"I came near getting drowned," he said. "I didn't think the tide would rise so fast."

"You'd better go home and get dry," said the man. "You look as ef you'd took a bath with with your things on. Ride along of me ef you like, ef I'm goin' your way."

But Peter declined, and went in the opposite direction as fast as he could, anxious to take the New York train and escape the place forever.

When he had walked so far that he could see the smoke of the waiting engine, he suddenly became conscious that something was wrong. His first feeling was of lightness and a want of some accustomed garment. But he had his coat on, of course his vest. Handling the buttons of this, the truth flashed upon him. His belt was gone. That very morning, finding that it chafed his skin, he had placed it outside of his other garments, beneath his vest, and buttoned that over it. It was no longer there—the belt that held his diamonds—no longer there, nor lying near him, nor on the road, as he hurried over it toward the sea.

Where had he lost it? In a moment more he knew. Standing with Abner's body in his arms breast high in the water, he had felt something slip from about him. He remembered the sensation now; at the moment he forgot everything but the cold heavy burden he bore. Under the water they now lay, all those jems, all those splendid shimmering things that were to gratify his every wish.

And even if he could have found them, he could not have gone back to that awful spot where perhaps by this time Abner's dead body ay, staring with wide-open eyes at nothing, and where some living man also might stand to say "Behold the murderer!"

Under the water, under the water, and there their own weight and the iron buckles of the belt might keep them to all eternity, but that other thing that lay there would surely soon be swept up by the wash of waves into the light of day.

Satan had forsaken his servant while he was serving him most faithfully.

Gone, gone, gone—every stone of all that costly set, every inch of its rich gold—gone forever! The brute hissed those words through his clenched teeth, and in his desperation flung himself down upon the roadside, hiding his face in his hands and uttering hideous oaths, while tears so hot that they scalded his hands like burning drops of liquor dropped down over the ring whose red stone was redder yet at one sharp corner with a bright drop of Abner Gault's life-blood.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Covetousness.

Charity is a paradox to the covetous. The doctrine that teaches alms, and the person that needs them, are by such equally set at naught. Tell a miser of bounty to a friend or mercy to the poor, and point him out his duty, with an evidence as bright and piercing as the light, yet he will not understand it. He shuts his *eyes* as close as his *hands*. In both cases there is an incurable blindness, caused by a resolution not to see; and, to all intents and purposes, he who *will not open* his eyes is for the present as blind as he who *cannot*.

* * *

—Insolence is pride, co-operating with arrogance and ill-nature in gratifying itself by insulting others: a temper utterly detestable, and such as no elevation of rank, of wealth, or of genius, can render pardonable in any person: nay, let a man's superiority be what you please, this alone is sufficient to cancel all his merit. And true it is, that they who are really distinguished by rank or by genius are not apt to be either arrogant or insolent; and if not wholly exempt from pride, will, however, be careful to conceal it; which it is very much their interest to do.

* * *

—The pride I wish to inculcate is the honest, manly pride of independence, which diligently seizing the golden hours of youth and opportunity to turn them to good account, will not suffer the drones of apathy or intemperance, placed by fortune above injury, to seduce them from the great work of life. In the decline of health, fame, age or fortune those very men to whose follies or whose views they have given up their nights and days, will be the first to desert them, ridicule their difficulties, expose their weakness, and insult their distress.

THE RICH MAN'S LEGACY.

The chill October rain was pattering its mournful monody against the plate-glass windows of Mr. Montagu Morand's pretentious four-story mansion in one of the handsomest avenues in New York; the twilight was beginning to brood over the angles of the large room, and the fire, of gleaming anthracite coal, shed a sort of fitful glow upon the group gathered around the hearth-rug—the great Montagu himself, in a well-oiled wig, gold eye-glass, and complacent countenance; Mrs. Morand, in a black silk dress, elaborately trimmed to conceal the worn and shabby places, and voluminous short curls shading her rather faded brow; and Miss Georgiana Morand, a plump, golden-haired beauty of eighteen, in turquoise ear-rings and a dress of blue delaine.

"It's a very strange will—very strange, indeed," said Mrs. Morand, reflectively.

"It's a very satisfactory one, mamma," said Miss Georgiana, with an elated sparkle in her blue eyes. "Oh, I have so longed to be rich! The Meltons can't lord it over us with their horrid coupé and man in livery any longer."

Mr. Morand said nothing; but he gazed into the scarlet, glimmering depths of the fire with a face so infinitely satisfied that no amount of speech could have expressed its meaning.

"Papa, who was this Uncle Kenneth?" asked Miss Georgiana.

"My dear, he was a grand-uncle of your mother's."

"Yes—I know that; but how did he come to be so rich?"

"My dear, he was engaged, I believe, in the Ceylon trade."

"And when did he die?"

"Our accounts, my dear," began Mr. Morand, in his usual pompous style, "are necessarily somewhat vague and inaccurate; but Mr. True's legal representative states that our lamented relative——"

"Papa, there's nobody by," said Georgie, with a shrug of her plump shoulders; "you may as well spare us this rhetorical flourish of trumpets!"

—"Lamented relative," went on Mr. Morand, without moving a single muscle of his face, "was unfortunately out at sea in one of those sudden squalls that are a characteristic of a tropical climate, and, with the whole crew of the boat, perished."

"Well, it was high time," said Miss Georgie, coolly. "I don't think a crusty old miser like that has any right to live on forever and keep his relations out of their own."

"My dear!" said Mrs. Morand, reprovingly.

"Can't help it, mamma," said Georgie, audaciously tossing her yellow curls. "I am only saying what you and papa think. But why didn't he leave Uncle Morton Hayes's widow anything?"

"Uncle Morton married in opposition to Mr. True's wishes, before he left this country, and there was considerable bitterness of feeling between them."

"How much of the property shall you allow to Aunt Hayes and her children?"

"None, of course."

"But, papa, the will expressly says, 'He hopes you will act generously towards the faults of mamma's brother, whom, for the sake of consistency, he does not judge it best to remember specially and by name.'"

"That was probably the last irresponsible whim of a dying man, my child. Uncle Morton made his bed twelve years ago—his widow and children are lying on it now. It is no fault of mine."

"That is true, papa," said Georgiana, thoughtfully. "Aunt Laura is earning a very decent living, I believe, sewing for the shirt manufacturers—and then she don't know anything about Uncle Kenneth's death."

"It would only unsettle her to mention it," said Mr. Montagu Morand, composedly stroking his chin; "and it would be such a pity to have the property divided up into fractions, that, since it is left to my——"

"Generosity, papa," said Georgiana, as her father hesitated for an appropriate word.

"*Discretion*, my dear," said Mr. Morand, slightly frowning. "Since, as I was remarking, it is left to my discretion, I really think there is no necessity of acquainting Sister Laura with all the particulars of the case."

"What would Aunt Laura do with a fortune, papa?" said Georgie, derisively. "She has no aristocratic tastes nor elegant ideas. She has always been accustomed to humble life."

"True, my daughter," said Mr. Morand, smiling benignly at the fire.

And well might Mr. Montagu Morand smile benignly at the fire. All his life, heretofore, had been devoted to the miserable struggle of keeping up a fair outward appearance on a foundation of debt and mismanagement. Miss Georgiana had attended all the fancy balls, and danced at all the soirées, but her partners knew nothing of the hired jewels and unpaid dress-maker's bills. Mr. Morand's *petite soupers* were elegant beyond competition; but it was only Mr. Morand's lucky star that prevented the unsatisfied wine merchants and fruiterers from rushing in and demanding their dues at any moment. He dwelt in perpetual fear—in a state of constant blockade, as it might be phrased. An unwonted step in the hall—a sudden sharp ring at the door-bell—would at any time blanch his portly cheek. He was like Damocles, and never knew at what instant the sword might fall.

Now, however, matters assumed an entirely new aspect. Mr. Montagu Morand walked the earth with uplifted nose and lofty mien; he purchased a double brown-stone mansion on Fifth Avenue, and bought a pair of fast horses and a billiard table; began to accumulate a picture gallery, and talked about a yacht; while Georgie, in her diamonds, outshone the most splendid of her ball-room companions, and Mrs. Morand wore point lace caps, and rustled about in brocade at seven dollars a yard!

"There's a woman in the hall wants to speak with you, ma'am," said the livered butler, appearing at the drawing-room door one afternoon.

"A woman? Why don't you send her to the housekeeper, Beames?"

"I have referred her to Mrs. Adams, ma'am; but she says she has very particular business with Mrs. Morand!"

"How annoying," said Mrs. Morand, "and I have not half checked off these dinner invitations yet. Well, bring her up, Beames—that is, if you think she is a proper person to enter my drawing-room."

"I guess she's respectable, ma'am," said Beames, shrewdly.

"It's some book-agent, ma'am, or may be a tract-distributor," said Georgie, wrinkling her pretty brow. "Such people haven't any business to be annoying their superiors, and——"

Georgie checked herself abruptly, and colored.

"Why, it's Aunt Laura!"

It *was* Aunt Laura; a pretty, faded little woman, in shabby mourning and a dingy crape veil; who crept into the room as timidly as if she had been a thief, and Mrs. Morand and her daughter two police-officers.

"I did not expect this pleasure, Laura," said Mrs. Morand, drawing herself haughtily up, until the point-lace barbes of her French cap trembled like aspen-leaves in a high wind.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Ella," faltered the little widow, "but I have been so troubled with the inflammatory rheumatism this spring, and Harry sprained his ankle last week, and I have been able to get so little time to sew, that——"

"*Our* expenses are unusually heavy this spring," said Miss Morand.

Laura Hayes looked wistfully around at the silken window-hangings and rosewood chairs. Georgie blushed, but secretly thought her aunt exceedingly impertinent.

"I only heard last week, and then merely by chance, of Uncle Kenneth's death," said Mrs. Hayes, after a moment or two of ominous silence. "Ella, it was scarcely kind of you and Montagu to leave me in such utter ignorance."

"We had no reason to suppose you would be particularly interested," said Mrs. Morand.

"I know what you mean—that I am not mentioned in his will," said the widow. "I did not expect any thing else, Ella; but he was a kind old man, and Morton was once very fond of him, when——"

She broke down here, and buried her face in her shabby little pocket-handkerchief.

"Mamma," whispered Georgie, jogging her mother's elbow, "do give her a little change, and send her about her business."

But Mrs. Montagu Morand had no idea of giving "change" or any thing else to her forlorn sister-in-law; she merely compressed her lips, and rang the bell.

"Beames, you will open the front door for this lady. I am sorry to seem harsh, Laura, but my nerves are really too delicate to be thus upset. Mr. Morand is not at home, and, even if he were, it would be quite impossible to assist you pecuniarily."

Mrs. Hayes rose up with a dignity all independent of the faded mourning and worn veil, and walked out of her sister-in-law's elegant drawing-room as Lady Macbeth might have walked. Her heart was too full and too sore for speech, but, mentally, she shook the dust of *that* threshold off her worn feet forever.

It was nearly dark when she reached her own home—the second floor of an obscure tenement house, far enough removed from the obtrusive splendors of Mr. Montagu Morand's Fifth-avenue mansion. A dim, ash-choked fire smouldered on the hearth, and, by its flickering light, she could just discern her four younger children crouched together by the chimney-corner, unconsciously awed by the overshadowing dusk; while Harry, the poor little hero of the sprained ankle, lay on his little couch, trying to persuade himself that the pain was not *very* severe.

"Here comes mamma," said Harry, gleefully, as her slow step sounded on the stairs; "*now* we shall have something nice for supper. I am *so* hungry."

"Mamma," said thoughtful little Alice, who read the story of some disappointment in her mother's inelastic footstep, "did Uncle Montagu give you the money?"

"Uncle Montagu was not at home, my dear," said Mrs. Hayes, instinctively averse to telling the whole story. "Don't cry, Harry—there is plenty of bread and molasses for supper, and no little boy ever got starved on bread and molasses."

Harry tried to laugh, but the laugh died into a hysteric sob.

"Oh, mamma, I am so tired of bread and molasses—but I'll try hard not to cry."

Three hours afterwards, when Mrs. Hayes's little ones were all tucked up in bed, and dreaming, she sat sadly by the last feeble sparks of the carefully husbanded fire, thinking what was to become of her in the great, dark-looking Future.

"I cannot apply for public charity," she thought, the blood involuntarily mounting to her pale cheek; "but if I do not the little ones must starve. Oh, Morton! my lost husband! how would your heart bleed if you but knew the sufferings and privations of those you once loved and cherished so fondly!"

And through her blinding tears came back the memory of the old man whom Morton's marriage had so sorely displeased.

"I think if Uncle Kenneth could see us now, he would forgive it all," she murmured. "Surely, surely we have suffered enough!"

And sitting there, alone, she pictured to herself the old man's unknown grave, beneath the billows that wash the fragrant shores of far-off Ceylon and murmur sadly of the spicy islands they have swept past.

"Oh, Uncle Kenneth! Uncle Kenneth!" she spoke out half aloud, "*he* would have mourned you truly, for *he* loved you, in spite of it all."

There was something in the room—a flutter—a thrill—a vague sound—she knew not what; but she lifted her eyes with sudden terror, and there, in the dim half-light of the apartment, by the open door, stood a something, bent, motionless and silent as the grave!

The red flicker of the dying fire fell on its face:—was it a Ghost? or had Mrs. Hayes's diseased fancy conjured up some strange weird Shape that had no reality save in her own fancy? Uncle Kenneth lay in his ocean grave by the shores of far Ceylon—surely, then, this could not be Uncle Kenneth, brown and shrivelled and bent as he had been in the long ago!

She sprang to her feet with a half-smothered shriek.

"Don't be frightened, my child," said a dry, composed voice; "I suppose you think I'm a hobgoblin—but I'm not. Can you give me a cup of tea? I'm just home from the tropics."

"Uncle Kenneth!"

"Exactly so, my dear. Rake the coals together and let's have a snug blaze."

He kissed his grand-niece, stirred the fire briskly, and looked round by its sudden upward blaze—there were tears sparkling like diamonds in his little dim old eyes.

"Yes, yes, I know all the questions you would ask. I wasn't drowned; I hooked on to a spar and landed the Lord only knows where—on a desert island somewhere, like Robinson Crusoe. Something made me homesick—perhaps the desert island, perhaps my narrow escape from death. So, instead of going back to Ceylon, when I was picked up by a ship, I came here. What have you done with all my money? this place looks like seventeen poor-houses all dwindled down into one!"

"Your money, Uncle Kenneth? It was all left to Montagu Morand."

"Was it?" said the old man, shrewdly. "I—rather—think—not. And has he done nothing for *you*, the wife of his only other relative in the world?"

"Nothing. I went there this very evening, to beg enough to keep soul and body together—to keep my little ones from starvation—but they turned me out of doors."

"Did they?" said Uncle Kenneth. "I'll try how *they* like a dose of the same medicine. Morton's marriage didn't suit me exactly, that's very true; but when a man has stood so near to death as I have, he sees the folly of a good many of his little ideas. Come, Laura, don't cry; the night has been long and dark, but the morning is at hand now."

And little Alice, who had crept out of bed with the blanket wrapped round her, to peep through the door and ascertain the meaning of this unwonted murmur of voices, ran back to report to Harry that "mamma was sitting by the fire with a little old man, bent and crooked like the wizard in Tom's book of Fairy Tales, and mamma was crying, but for all that, she looked *so* happy."

The Morand family, however, wore quite a different expression of face when Uncle Kenneth True walked in upon them the next morning leaning on his lawyer's arm.

"Dearest sir," said Montagu, smoothly, when the true state of matters had been made apparent to him, "this happy surprise gives us all the greatest satisfaction."

"I dare say," said Uncle Kenneth, gruffly. "Clear out of this house and prepare to settle with my lawyers. Niece Laura and I are coming here to live."

"Laura!"

"Yes. You've had you're day, and now it's hers. You didn't take care of her, now I shall try what *I* can do. The women folks needn't trouble about hysterics; they'll produce no effect on *me!*"

So crashed down the unsubstantial foundation of Mr. Montagu Morand's castle in the air, and so rose the brightness of a new day on the widow and the fatherless.

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LX.

Four years later, yet a day seems scarcely to have passed over the placid face of Inez Lopez.

She has just risen from the shrine before which her afternoon devotions are offered, and an expression of seraphic calm is upon her chiselled features.

A knock was heard upon her door, and her venerable friend, Father Espana, entered the apartment. He looked both sad and weary, and Inez hastened to offer him a seat and some refreshment. He waived the latter away and said:

"I have no time to care for the wants of the body now. I came hither to take you with me to the bedside of a countrywoman of your own, who needs one of her own sex beside her. She does not speak Italian, and my English has become so rusty that I could scarcely understand her delirious mutterings. I suppose she understands French, but in her present half-demented state she refuses to use it. I know that you will come with me to her bedside."

"Of course I will, Father. But tell me something of this poor woman. Where did you find her, and how did she come to need your help?"

"I found her in the cottage [illegible] Beppo, the poor fellow whose wife and children you aided last year when he lay so ill with fever. She was run over on the Corso, and so severely injured, that she was taken up insensible by him and another man. Beppo took her to his own home, and then came to me to obtain an order for her removal to the hospital. I went to her at once, and found her suffering intensely from the internal injuries she had received. I used all my medical skill in her behalf, and she seems grateful for the kindness extended toward her; but she is evidently a great mental sufferer, and I came for you to visit her in the hope that you may be able to learn something [illegible] her past life, and discover what can best b[illegible] for her relief. She is not a Catholic, a[illegible] refused to listen to the religious consol[illegible] would have offered her."

In a few moments Inez was [illegible]y to accompany him, and she entered the vine-clad cottage of the peasant with a presentiment that her soul was to be stirred to its inmost depths by what she should find there.

The wife of Beppo received her with warm smiles of welcome, though her face grew sober enough as she led the way into the poor little room in which the stranger lay.

She was half sleeping, and her pallid face rested on the pillow, surrounded by heavy masses of light, silkey-looking hair, that fell in wild confusion around it. Nearly all their early beauty had faded from those wan features; dark circles were around the hollow eyes; and the closed lips wore an expression of stern hardness that revealed much of the inner nature of the sufferer.

Inez repressed the involuntary shiver that shook her frame, and a mental thanksgiving arose to Heaven as she recognized in that changed and wasted creature the evil genius of her own life, and that of others who were dear to her.

Nina Gordon—for she it was—brought to such a pass as this, could waken in her tender heart no other emotion than compassionate sympathy, and the hope grew strong within her that her prayers had been answered, and to her would be vouchsafed the task of leading that erring soul to repentance, and confession of the crime she had so recklessly committed.

On their way to the cottage, Inez had learned from the priest that no hope of recovery reremained, though Nina might linger many days yet. It was better so, for in the interval she might be induced to undo the evil she had wrought to others, as far as was now possible.

Her mind was at once made up to have Nina removed to her own house, where she would watch over her herself, and use every effort in her power to bring her into a fit state of mind for the great change that awaited her.

She suddenly startled from her unquiet sleep, unclosed her wild eyes, and cried out in English:

"Where am I? Why do I suffer so much? Oh the pain—the pain that tortures me! Give me something to relieve it. Are you monsters that you see a human creature suffering the pangs of the Inferno, yet find nothing to soothe her to forgetfulness? Give me something to make me sleep, or I shall die. I am not fit to die. Do you hear that? I am not ready to face the Judgment, and all the prayers that could be uttered over me when I am gone, will never change my doom! Save me! save me! or I perish—body and soul—body and soul!"

Her voice sank away into a wailing whisper, and the compassionate tones of Inez spoke in reply:

"All that is possible shall be done for you. You shall not die in your sins if I can prevent it, Nina."

The sick woman started up, threw back her hair from her brow and gasped:

"That is my name!—those are the accents of my native tongue, uttered by a voice that sounds strangely familiar. Who are you? Whence do you come? A *religieuse!* Ah! I remember. I know you now, Inez Lopez, and I had rather be found by any other one than by *you* in my present state of abasement. Go away—leave me to my fate! I will not have *you* standing beside me, gloating over my sufferings."

"Poor unfortunate!" murmured Inez, "little do you know me if you dream that I could do so inhuman a thing as that. I came to succor you—to save you, if it is possible to do so—and you must submit to be ministered to by me, for you have near you no other friend who will care for your welfare."

"How do you know that? I may have friends enough if I choose to call on them; but I don't—nor will I be indebted to your charity for the life that is scarcely worth saving, unfit as I am to give it up. But it is easier to die than to be beholden to *you* for help. Go away, I say; your presence maddens me. If you are a saint, I am too miserable a sinner to benefitted by your ministrations."

Nina sank back, exhausted by her own violence; and Inez, believing that her presence at that time would only increase it, glided from the room, and spoke earnestly with the priest, who was waiting to hear her report of the sick woman.

She ended by saying:

"You can devise some means of removing her to my house without letting her know whither she is going. I know this woman, and I must have her where I can watch constantly over her. I must find means to win from her a confession before she dies. When I can do so without fear of interruption, I will explain to you how important her revelations will be."

"It will not be difficult to carry out your wishes," replied Espana. "I will have a powerful anodyne administered to her, and under its influence she can be taken to your palazzo on a litter. When she finds herself tenderly cared for, she may feel some gratitude to the generous hand that is so ready to succor her in her forlorn condition. Poor unfortunate! A few more days, and she will be beyond all care, yet she raves of dying as if the grave is more terrible to her than the life of privation she has, of late, evidently lived."

That night, Nina, in a death-like sleep, was carefully conveyed to the chamber prepared for her beneath the roof of the rival whose happiness she had wrecked; and she again awoke to consciousness to find herself surrounded by the comfort and elegance she had once so highly prized.

She was quite calm this morning, and in a better frame of mind than on the preceding day. Her physical sufferings were less severe, and she looked around the pleasant room with a faint feeling of gratitude toward her who, she felt assured, had caused her to be removed to this comfortable place of rest.

How welcome it was after her long and bitter struggle with want and wretchedness, she most keenly felt, though all resentment against Inez was not yet dead. Inez had gained the heart of the man she had so fatally loved; she had won from her the fortune she hoped to secure, and the old bitter memories crowded thick and fast upon her, again stirring up all that was evil within her. She rebelled against the fate which had brought to her the humiliation of becoming a pensioner on the bounty of Inez Lopez, and she finally started up, intending to make an effort to escape—to die upon the highway, if no other succor came, for she could not bear this heaping of coals of fire upon her head—upon that brain which had plotted so much mischief, worked so much wo to the angelic being who had forgiven all and only sought to sustain her enemy through the dark hours that must precede her passage to the shadowy land.

Her feet touched the floor; a spasm of pain seized her, and she fell fainting beside the bed. A woman hastily entered from the adjoining room; she lifted the emaciated form in her strong arms, laid it back upon the couch and hastened to apply restoratives.

With a long, shuddering sigh Nina regained consciousness, and her eyes fell on the face of Mrs. Perkins, who was chafing her hands and bathing her face with lavender. She drew away with a shiver, and faintly said:

"That will do. I am better now. I wish to go away from here at once. I am sure that Miss Lopez has had me brought to her own home, and I will not stay in it. If I am weak and miserable, I will have my own way in that."

"But where will you go to, Miss Gordon?" asked the nurse, bluntly. "Have you any friends to look after you? Miss Inez thought not; so, like an angel as she is, she took you in herself. This *is* her house, thank the Lord for it; and if you're what you ought to be, you'd thank him too for bringing you where the best care will be taken of you."

"I don't want her care, and I won't have yours either," was the fractious reply. "Do you suppose that I have forgotten or forgiven the injury *you* did me with your old mistress? or that I can submit to be taken care of by you? I had rather die on the roadside than be so bitterly *humiliated*."

Mrs. Perkins composedly said:

"Well, I should think that all you've gone through would have killed out all such nonsense as that. We aint such heathens as to turn a dying woman out of doors, even if she *is* mad enough to insist on going. You've got to stay where you are, and be nursed like a Christian, whethere you wish it or not. I stayed near you because I could speak to you as as you could understand, but if you insist on it, the 'talian gal that waits in the house can take my place."

But one sentence in this long tirade seemed to make any impression on Nina, and with dilating eyes she asked:

"Why do you call me a dying woman? I am better this morning—I am not fatally injured, and I shall soon be well again."

"That aint the opinion of Father Espana, and he knows a great deal about medicine. But Miss Inez has sent for the best surgeon in Rome, and when he comes he'll tell you what you may expect. I am looking for him every moment, and there's the sound of wheels now. I'll go and see if it's the doctor, and don't you go to getting out of that bed again, for you couldn't get away from here, even if such a wild thing would be allowed by my young lady."

Nina was exhausted by the attempt she had already made; the weakness of her body came to dull the force of her opposition, and she passively submitted to lie quiet till Mrs. Perkins came back, accompanied by a dark, shrewd-looking man who spoke to her in French.

The physician made minute inquiries as to the cause of the injury she had received, examined her condition very carefully, questioning her about her own sensations. Nina answered him readily, and seemed eager to learn what his decision would be, but he gave no outward sign of the conclusion at which he had arrived, and she at length earnestly asked:

"Shall I live, Doctor?"

He evasively replied:

"We shall see—we shall see. Life and death are not in my hands, you know. I can only do my best for you, and leave the issue with God."

"I have no God," was the abrupt reply. "I believe in none, and if there is one, He will do his worst with a wretch like me. Don't come near me again, for I don't want any one to attend me who cannot give me a plain answer to a straightforward question."

The physician looked sternly at her a few seconds, and his lips unclosed to pronounce the words of doom that trembled on them; but compassion arose, and shaking his head, he said:

"You must come to a better frame of mind than that. I shall not come back—it will not be necessary to do so, as I can leave my directions with the friend who sent for me to see you."

Nina would have detained him to question him further, but he waved his hand and hastily left the room. At the door he found Inez anxiously awaiting his report.

"I hope that the sick woman is nothing to you, Miss Lopez," he said.

"No relation, if that is what you mean; but she is a countrywoman of my own, who was known to me in other days. You can speak the truth to me without reserve, Dr. Be[illegible] it is important that I shou[illegible]

"I am [illegible] no relation, though I do not know why I should have supposed such a thing. You are one of the noble souls who do good deeds for their own sake, and she— Well, no matter what she is. The woman is doomed—all the skill in Europe cannot save her. There is an internal hemorhage which will end in mortification in a few hours. After that the end soon comes. Good morning, senorina."

Dr. Benetti entered his carriage, drove rapidly away, and Inez went into her own apartment to reflect and arrange some plan of action through which Nina might be brought to make the confession she was so anxious to secure.

Inez was expecting Father Espana and she watched for his appearance with much solicitude. He came at length, and she laid before him the sad history of her unfortunate guest, and asked his advice as to what was to be done.

After a few moments' thought he said:

"I will go in to her, tell her of the doom that is impending over her, and try and turn her thoughts to atonement for her wicked deeds. When she learns that all hope for her is over, her terror of death may induce her to repent and make confession of her sins. My dear daughter, I trust that your merciful kindness to your cruel enemy will meet its reward."

"Oh, Father, only get from her the confession of her crime, and I can forgive her all the evil she wrought me; I can pray earnestly for her sinful soul."

The priest was presently admitted into Nina's room. She supposed he had come in his medical capacity, and she feverishly said:

"I hope you can tell me more about my condition than the doctor who was with me not long ago. He would give me no satisfaction, and I must know whether I am to live or die."

Espana gravely and sadly replied:

"My daughter, I am a physician of souls, and I come to you in that capacity. Does that answer your last query?"

Her eyes dilated; her voice arose to a wild cry as she exclaimed:

"A priest to shrive me! I have not come to that yet! I am not going to die! Life is strong within me. I feel it beating in every pulse—quivering in every drop of my blood! Don't try to frighten me, for I am not going to die!"

"Alas! my daughter, death is the inevitable doom of all mortal creatures, and to you it must speedily come. If there is any weight upon your sinful soul, hasten to purge it away while there is yet time. I have come to prepare you for the fate that awaits you."

A frightful spasm convulsed her features, and Nina became half insensible. When restoratives had been applied, and the power of speech returned, she raved wildly, commanding him to leave her presence, and declaring that nothing should induce her to have a Romish priest beside her in the solemn hour of departure.

Father Espana went forth sad and dejected, certain that in the present state of her mind nothing could be done; but, before leaving the house he said to Inez:

"As death approaches this violence will pass away, and she will become more tractable. I will come again in a few hours, and make an effort to bring her mind into a better state for the awful change that approaches. When this poor unfortunate sinner finds herself sinking, she may put forth her hand to cling to the church as her only ark of refuge."

"I will pray without ceasing that it may be so," replied Inez; and many hours were spent before her shrine asking for mercy and repentance for the departing soul, her supplications only interrupted by an occasional visit to the door of Nina's room to hold whispered colloquies with Mrs. Perkins as to the condition of the patient.

In the evening Nina slept heavily from the effects of the drops left for her by Dr. Benetti, and Inez sat beside her bed while she lay unconscious, asking forgiveness for this sinful being, and for such repentance as would wring from her a detail of the crime she had committed.

When she awoke and asked for water, Inez withdrew to one side, and suffered the Italian maid who had taken Mrs. Perkins' place to give it to her.

She soon fell asleep again, and the anxious watcher feared that she might pass from life to death before the important confession was made.

Late in the evening Nina awoke quite free from pain, but so fearfully weak that for the first time the dim shadow of approaching death loomed before her. She lay for a long time with half closed eyes, trying to think—to make up her mind to the inevitable; for she now felt the assurance that the priest had spoken the truth. Her life was ebbing fast from her, and she began to recognize the providence which had brought her to the notice of Inez. It pointed the way to the only atonement yet in her power, and in that hour she remembered the promise once given to Opal that she would do what she could to promote her happiness.

She had partially redeemed that promise, she thought, in releasing her from Godfrey Fenton by her fearful act, and she must now complete her work by clearing the name of the man she knew her sister loved, by confessing her own agency in the assassination.

It took many hours to bring Nina to this decision. She faintly said to Mrs. Perkins, who had resumed her place beside her:

"Give me a cordial to sustain me. Nothing can hurt me now. Ask Miss Lopez to come to me. I can bear to see her now, and I have something to say to her."

The message was quickly conveyed to Inez; and after a brief delay she came in, looking anxious and a little nervous. Nina at once spoke:

"Come near to me, Inez, and accept my thanks for what you have done for me. Many would have turned from me as from an unclean thing; but you are a good Christian woman, and you have not shrunk from me, although I did so much toward ruining your earthly happiness."

"I have forgiven you, Nina," Inez tremulously replied. "Ask God to pardon you, make such reparation as is left to you, and all may yet be well with you."

"Do you believe that? I wonder if that is cant, or the vital truth that so deeply concerns one in such a strait as I am. Christ pardoned the thief upon the cross, we are told, and perhaps there may be mercy for such as I am. Sit down near me. I must explain to you how I came to be reduced to such misery as you found me in; but first I will tell you of what more deeply concerns those in whom I know you are interested. Listen to me patiently if you can."

"Do not fear that I shall interrupt you, Nina. I am quite ready to hear all that you may wish to say."

At a sign from Inez, Mrs. Perkins went into the adjoining room, the door of which opened near the head of the bed. She found the[illegible] Father Espana, accompanied by a notary [illegible] understood English. This man had b[illegible] diligently sought for, and he now sat, pe[illegible] hand, ready to take down the confession o[illegible] criminal in the next apartment.

They could distinctly hear [illegible]ery word uttered by Nina, and, with a thr[illegible] heart, Inez knew that the precautions [illegible] had taken to secure legal evidence of [illegible] confession about to be made had not b[illegible] in vain.

The cordi[illegible] had taken gave her strength to speak [illegible]ly, and she gave a concise statement of every incident connected with the murder of God[illegible] Fenton. She had found the pistol of Denham lying in the library window, and appropriated it that suspicion might be diverted from herself and fastened on him.

All the incidents she related tallied exactly with the vision Inez so accurately remembered, and Guy Denham was cleared of all knowledge of the crime of which he had been accused.

When this was ended, Inez softly arose and closed the door of communication. With the subsequent career of Nina those witnesses had no concern, and what she might further say must only be between themselves.

When she returned to her seat, Nina asked:

"Are you willing to hear what I have to say of myself after that time?"

"Yes; willing and most anxious to know how you came to be as—as I found you."

After a pause, Nina went on:

"Guy Denham knew my guilt, yet he refused to clear himself by accusing me, because he loved Opal. She is my half-sister, for we had the same father."

Inez made a slight exclamation, but Nina did not seem to notice it.

"My father brought me beneath his own roof, and there I learned the relationship between us, and also the name of my mother. I would have carried my wickedness so far as to ruin her, and break up the little peace she had found in a union with a good man who took her as his wife without knowing that I had ever existed. But she was saved by the intervention of Guy Denham. A letter came to me from him containing such evidence of my guilt that I was forced to accept the terms he dictated. My father was dead, and I had nothing more to expect from him. A large sum of money that had been settled on me, with several thousands more added to it, was placed in the hands of a London banker subject to my orders, and I was forbidden to remain in the United States.

"I went to New York, took passage on the first European steamer that sailed, and as my evil fortune would have it, Wilkins, the wretch who stole the will you afterwards recovered, was on the same ship. He had obtained a large reward from your father for the restoration of the stolen property; he had swindled his clients out of the money he had collected for them, and was on his way to Europe to enjoy his ill-gotten gains.

"I do not know what the attraction was that drew me toward him,—the evil in our two natures, perhaps,—but so it was that I accepted his attentions, listened to his flatteries, and finally consented to share with him the wealth he declared to me he had secured.

"He represented to me that Mr. Lopez had paid him fifty thousand dollars for the will, and it was not till long afterwards that I knew how the greater portion of his wealth had been obtained. I felt as if I needed a protector. I was but a young girl, and one over whom a fearful charge hung, and I believed that he loved me well enough to stand between myself and danger. Besides, I was reckless—I wanted the prestige of fortune, and I believed he could give it to me; and it was some satisfaction to know that, after all, so large a share of Mrs. Hawks' estate would be enjoyed by me, in spite of her efforts to cut me off from it.

"I did not love Wilkins—I despised him; but he had a strange power over me, which led me to do whatever he willed me to do; and, when we landed in Liverpool, I went to a church with him, and we were married.

"My husband pretended to settle my money on myself, but it was fraudulently done, and that is why I am a pauper now, dependent on you for a shelter. For five years, we led a gay and dashing life; we travelled in almost princely style, spending as recklessly as if no end could come to our resources.

"Wilkins added a syllable to his name, and, as Major Wilkinson, of the United States army, he eluded the search that was made for him by detectives sent from New York for that purpose. But he had grown careless; and, believing himself quite safe after the lapse of so long a time, he took less pains in disguising his appearance.

"A man, who had tracked him like a sleuth-hound, came up with us at Milan; my watched husband managed to evade him, even after he was arrested, and fled, taking with him nearly every article of value belonging to both of us. He left me stripped of money and jewels, but I scarcely regretted his flight.

"I had long known how base and contemptible a wretch he was, and I had learned almost to hate him. I congratulate myself that *my* money was safe, for I had always drawn the interest from it for my personal expenses, and I wrote to the bankers in whose hands it had been placed to send me a remittance.

"I was overwhelmed by receiving from them proofs that every dollar belonging to me had been drawn by my unprincipled husband. The settlement made on me was a sham, for he had always held the control of my fortune himself, and only paid me the income arising from it, to prevent me from suspecting his villainy.

"When this news came, I was at a loss whither to turn for assistance. There was a considerable bill against me at the hotel, for Wilkins had not settled any portion of it before he left, and I had nothing but my wardrobe left to me.

"Fortunately, some valuable laces had eluded my husband's search when he robbed me of my jewels, and these I sold for much less than their value. With the money thus obtained, I paid the landlord's bill, and came on to Rome alone.

"To that city I believed Wilkins had fled, and I hoped to find him and compel him to restore to me some portion of the money of which he had defrauded me; but I never intended to live with him as his wife again.

"He evaded me as he had the detectives, and I never found any trace of him. I have been in Rome for the last two years, living God knows how! The fine clothing I possessed went, piece by piece, to the pawnbroker's, till nothing of value was left. I have lived among the very poor, endured privations that I should once have shrunk from as the bitterest degradation, and, at last, I came to beggary.

"I had nothing left with which to purchase a morsel of food, and I went on the Corso to ask alms. A carriage was drawn up on one side, in which four persons were seated—they were speaking in my own tongue,—and I went up to them, held out my hand, and asked for charity.

"A voice that I knew exclaimed:

"'Good Heavens! that is Nina Gordon.'

"Then I looked up at t[illegible]m, and saw Adolphus Bates, with the wife [illegible] married, and, opposite to them, was Kitty with Albert Jenkins beside her. I knew [illegible] he was her husband, for she said to him: '[illegible]ert, dear! give her something; I knew [illegible], and loved her, once.'

"[illegible] did not stop to hear more. Maddened, [illegible]ded, desperate, I dashed away from the carriage, and attempted to cross the crowded drive—careless of what might happen to me. A pair of spirited horses had taken fright, and were rushing onward with frantic speed. I was thrown down, trampled on, and taken up lifeless.

"The poor peasant who rescued me from instant destruction took me to his own cottage, and sent for the priest, who brought you to my assistance. God, in His mercy, led you to me! and I am now glad that He ordered it so. Since I must die, I will, at least, clear the fame of the man who spared me so long, though he did not do it for my own sake. Guy Denham is innocent and—that is all. My life work is ended!"

Nina sunk back faint and exhausted, and Inez hastened to administer a restorative, at the same time saying all that her gentle heart prompted, to console the unhappy creature so providentially thrown on her compassion.

She lingered till the following day, and, through the persuasions of Inez, she finally consented to accept the ministrations of Father Espana. Nina was baptized, received the last sacraments of the Church, and died! trusting that for her the words of Scripture might prove true,—"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made white as snow."

She was buried in consecrated ground, and a plain marble tablet placed over her grave on which the name of "Nina" was simply inscribed.

Inez immediately wrote an account of these events to Mrs. Langley, and inclosed in her letter a certified copy of Nina's confession.

CONCLUSION.

Preparations for a magnificent bridal were in progress at Magnolia. Dora Markham was on the eve of marriage with Edward Wallis; and, with some vexation, Mrs. Hastings saw a girl so much younger than her own daughter about to assume the state of a wife, while the beautiful Opal devoted herself to a dream that, she believed, would end in nothing.

Mrs. Hastings was becoming very impatient and dissatisfied with the state of affairs between her daughter and Denham, and she had determined to speak decisively with them both on the subject, when he made his next visit to Silvermere.

But, fortunately for the peace of the long-tried lovers, that visit brought with it a very different result from the one she anticipated. Denham came over in a radiant glow of delight. He found Mrs. Hastings and Opal together in the library; and, regardless of her mother's presence, he rushed toward his betrothed, clasped her in his arms, and, pressing his lips to hers, said:

"Opal, I take back, as your husband, the kiss given me so long ago. You are mine—*mine*! and I am this day the happiest creature that the world contains."

In some confusion, Opal extricated herself from his arms, and breathlessly asked:

"What is it, Guy? What has happened to give us our happiness at last?"

"Nina Gordon is dead. She confessed at the last the crime she had committed. Inez Lopez was with her at the time of her decease, and she has sent over such proofs of Nina's guilt as must clear me in the eyes of all men. I shall go to Natchez at once to have them published, and to obtain the license for our marriage, for I must make you my own without further delay. There is the letter of Miss Lopez to my sister. I will read it aloud, and then you will understand what has occurred."

The interest with which both ladies listened may be well imagined; and when all was clear, Opal whispered:

"I knew it would be so, Guy. My trust has never wavered, but God is very good to us. I can scarcely yet believe that Nina was the criminal, for I have never before suspected her."

"Through all these years I have known that she was the assassin of Godfrey; but for *your* sake, Opal, I would not expose her."

"For *my* sake? I do not understand, Guy."

He whispered a few words in her ear, and she regarded him with dilating eyes, which soon began to fill with tears as she tenderly murmured:

"Poor Papa! poor, unhappy Nina! how I pity them both! But to you, my noble and true love, I can never be sufficiently grateful for bearing this heavy burden that you might save us from the humiliation and suffering we must have endured had this story become known."

"I shall be repaid for all that, Opal, if you will consent to give me your hand at once. Dora is to be married to-morrow night; we will be united in the morning, and attend the bridal afterward. Shall it not be so, dearest?"

She blushed slightly, but gently said:

"I can refuse you nothing, Guy. Have it as you will."

Mrs. Hastings here spoke:

"If Opal hesitated, I should insist on compliance with your wish, Guy. You deserve your reward, and you shall have it; meet my daughter at the Episcopal church in Natchez to-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, and the ceremony can be performed with no one but your sister and myself as witnesses. After the tragic conclusion of our last wedding, I should not care to have another celebrated in this house."

Denham expressed his rapturous thanks, and all the necessary preliminaries were soon settled; he then set out for Natchez, to have his vindication published far and wide, and to arrange with the clergyman the quiet wedding which was to come off on the next morning.

The day was bright, and balmy on which our lovers were united, and in the evening Opal appeared at Dora's wedding in bridal lace and pearls; and her fair loveliness contrasted with the dark, piquante face of her sister-bride.

Wallis and Dora went North on a tour; but Denham, with his long-coveted darling, settled down at Silvermere, too happy in their union to care about seeking any change for the present.

THE END.

[The Foundling of Milan—*A Romance of the Guelphs and Ghibellines*—is the title of a new story by our popular contributor, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., the publication of which we shall commence in our next number. It is full of interest, and like *all* of Mr. Cobb's stories, of good moral tone.]

LOVE, THE ALCHEMIST.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

The old proverb about going through the canebrake, and choosing the crooked stick at last, is I presume familiar to most people, as well as believed by most. Such was certainly the fact in my case, until I went, not long ago, to visit my old friend Gertrude Isham, for the first time since her marriage, and lost my faith in the traditional infallibility of an ancient "saying." Lost it perforce, since I saw it disputed day by day, as I remained in that pretty little cottage, so full of happy life.

Gertrude had been a belle almost from her childhood. She was very pretty—of a rare style of beauty. She had ever scores of admirers—some persecutors, I used to think—such as signalized their admiration by pertinacious attentions, often far more annoying than agreeable.

Many a one infatuated by her wonderful beauty and fascinating manner put his fate to the test by an offer at least rash, since she had consciously given no encouragement to his purpose.

She had passed a gay winter at the capital, where she gained the ever-ready incense of admiration that followed her everywhere and always, and her life there had been a scene of brilliant excitement, a constant succession of fêtes and social honors of every kind. When she returned to her home in the spring—the little inland city where society was so narrow, so conventional, such a mere dead level with no wave ever dashing across its surface, or breaking its inevitable monotony—I fancy she shrank almost appalled before the reality of the life that lay before her.

Like a new Alexander she pined for new worlds to conquer. She desired a break in the painful, orderly dullness that succeeded her excitement so suddenly. Her home seemed like a prison. Her life, an incarnation of her free spirit, in intangible but torturing bonds. In vain she strove to find some pleasure in it. To find and enjoy some compensation for what seemed the barrenness of her lot.

It was into the dreariness of this season of her life that the vision of George Elmore intruded. I cannot wonder that he was welcome. His genial, gay, insouciant nature returned to her something—much—of the bright social element she had lost and mourned.

He admired her proud, cold, statuesque beauty. Her ivory fairness of complexion, the wide, proud glances of her large blue eyes, and more than all, the brilliant sparkle that flashed, at no distant intervals, across the quiet reserve of her manner.

He was still young—younger even than her own years, for they had rolled away in their brightness till they numbered twenty-five, and rival belles were beginning to whisper that she "was, or would soon be, an old maid," while he was scarcely twenty-two.

But she seemed possessed of the secret of immortal youth, and moved and looked as if age had no power to touch her, and I think she never thought of George Elmore as her junior. In fact, I think she never thought of him at all, save as a pleasant companion who broke the spell of some of the monotonous hours, and wiled away by kind attentions the dreariness that was drawing about her.

Be that as it may, however, her conduct certainly lured the poor boy on to his ruin. For the whole year following her return he was her most assiduous attendant. He accompanied her everywhere. He spent all his disengaged evenings at her house, and, as time wore on, he had fewer and fewer engagements in which she was not concerned. She, too, probably, grew more exacting—at least called upon him more freely, as well as more frequently, for the attentions he always gave with such readiness and delight.

It came to be said that they would be married soon. George heard it, and was lapped in Elysium by the report. He knew it to be untrue, but it pleased him to believe that he was thought likely to succeed.

Gertrude did not hear of it. Her superb scorn of gossip, and fierce way of receiving reports of this kind, had taught her intimates caution. Beside no one actually knew that she had not rejected him.

Meanwhile it was the modest withholding of an offer, and all overt love-making, that held her quiet. She tried to believe, and perhaps did convince herself, that he sought and offered only friendship.

And so the months slipped away. Others came and went. But George Elmore was so generally considered as her affianced that they offered no particular attentions which interfered with his.

I think it was this that at last woke her from her dream. She had too long been an acknowledged belle to willingly witness the withdrawal of the outspoken admiration which had always been her tribute. She began to tire of young George Elmore, and to remember the distinguished courtesies from distinguished men of which she had been the recipient.

She was naturally, and by habit, too reticent and reserved to accord always with his gay frank temper. He had no reserves. The windows of his soul were always open. He who glanced got a view of all that was within, while Gertrude, more chary of the wealth of her inner life, zealously closed each aperture against admittance. The world found no entrance there.

All this wearied her—wearied them both, I think, though George, self-confident and untroubled about the future, did not make it apparent. He probably had less understanding of himself and his own needs than she. Her two or three additional years had made her vastly older in experience than he was. In fact, they were by no means equals, and, contrary to that law of nature which points to superiority in the man, he was in reality her inferior.

Yet he was fond of the enjoyment of his own way. It mattered little to him whether it conduced to another's happiness or no. I hardly think he ever took that question into consideration.

A very slight rupture, the smallest disagreement, soon rends the bond between persons so disagreeable in tastes and habits. In a little time after the discoveries I have recorded were made, it was observed that the intimacy between Gertrude Isham and George Elmore had ceased. George no longer visited her; she was no more seen in his company. And then the gossips proclaimed that she had jilted him—proclaimed it while really knowing nothing whatever about the matter, except the mere outward aspects and circumstances of which I have spoken.

George was disappointed and chagrined. He was not very brave, and did not try to put a very good face upon the matter. She wore her usual impenetrable reserve. No one knew whether she suffered. No one pitied, or lamented over her, or sympathized with her. All emotions of that kind were lavished on him who made most manifestation of grief.

But that is the way of the world, and need create no surprise. He wept, and groaned, and drank brandy, and went to the bad.

She fought resolutely and gained the victory over her own heart and the weary trials created by this disappointing friendship. She could not fail to know something of the irritating calumnies that were afloat. But she never mentioned them—never seemed to feel them worth the trouble of refuting. She simply, in calmness and silent dignity, lived them down.

And after they had died in silence and forgetfulness it was that she encountered Elroy Forbes. He was older than herself—a man who had seen life in many phases, and knew its dark side as well as its fairer aspect. He judged people and things wisely and calmly.

He saw that Gertrude was lovely, and that she had suffered. Grief gave its loveliest, most enticing aspect to her wonderful calm beauty, and he believed that she was good as she was beautiful. A heaven of ineffable purity lay in the glances of her calm blue eye. Sadness had not corroded her fairness any more than slander had dimmed the pure lustre of her soul. An unstained whiteness enveloped her entire being, and he revelled in the knowledge that he had at last met one in every good aspect superior to her sex not less than to his.

And Gertrude had met her fate at last. Friendship was swallowed up in love. The hour of destiny had come, and she loved with the simple abandon and unquestioning devotion of the maiden of sixteen yielding to her first passion.

She knew men well,—few, better,—and her long belle-hood had given her the opportunity to learn their selfishness, their conceit,—a thousand traits some women never learn. But, from the first, she believed in Elroy Forbes, and her tutored judgment was not deceived.

He was not known as a humble man. He had confidence in himself,—and with some right,—but he grew almost supple in his humility when he knew and loved her. His fate lay in her hands, and he was glad to rest it in the grasp of those fair fingers.

And thus it came about that my friend Gertrude Isham, after her long and triumphant belle-hood, encountered her deepest grief and her greatest joy. Sorrow had given her a touching humility. She had once believed that only the highest station—the most regal talent—could tempt her.

Mr. Forbes was a man of good education, and a member of one of the learned professions; but no celebrity attached to his name. He possessed only the smallest competence, and lived in his tiny cottage upon the few patrimonial acres he possessed, in a quiet seclusion—his aged housekeeper and his books his sole companions.

And here I lately spent a happy week with Gertrude and the husband of her choice. I found her perfectly satisfied, supremely happy; and yet but an infinitesimal part of the bright and beautiful fate of which she had once dreamed was hers.

I have no more to write. Love transforms character and life itself. Love is a wonderful alchemist, and reveals the hidden gold long buried beneath preposterous shams; and a lit[illegible] causes happiness where love is.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

TOMB-MELODY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Yes, it is well that such rich bloom
Weaves Eden-splendor on his tomb;

That birds of song so sweet, so deep,
Sing fearless on his sacred sleep;

And well that in each rosy May
The gentle round his slumber stray,

The gentle who still gentler grow
Beneath his song's seraphic flow,

Seraphic that no battle-tromp
Is ever heard amid its pomp,

But in the stead the very tones
The good dream of in heavenly zones.

Yes, all is well: and many a year
Shall Love extatic wander here,

And Nature teach with opulent bloom
To smile broad splendor on his tomb:

For Love and Truth were his, and Grace:
Long let us glorify the place,

Singing his songs amid the leaves
In Summer's sympathizing eves.

* * *

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XXXIV.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

THE TROJAN'S FIRST BATTLE.

When we discovered the English sloop-of-war and the two brigs they were directly ahead of us. The wind was from the eastward, blowing a respectable breeze, and we were heading N.N.E., while the vessels of the enemy, standing for Bermuda, were very nearly in the opposite direction, so that we were sailing directly toward each other. At a few minutes past eleven the sloop-of-war fired a gun, and ran up the English flag. Capt. Matthews held a short consultation with his officers, and decided that he would enter into this, his first conflict, boldly and fairly; and in a few minutes more the stars and stripes were flying at our masthead.

There was one new man on board the TROJAN of whom I have not spoken; and I must speak of him now. His name was Jotham Whitmarsh, and he was our gunner. He was a stout, broad-shouldered, muscular man, with one of the keenest and most remarkable eyes that I ever saw. His experience in gunnery had been considerable, and he was naturally fitted for that science. The two brass guns had been finished under his direct supervision, and he had calculated upon performing wonders with them. They had been rifled, and he had caused to be cast from patterns of his own make a lot of conical iron shot, shaped very much like an acorn. They had been cast small enough to admit of a jacket of leather, which was very neatly stretched on and stitched, and covered all that part of the shot which came in contact with the chamber of the gun. This leather was to the iron shot what the fine linen patch is to the rifle-ball, and Whitmarsh felt confident that he was going to get a longer range, from cutting off windage, while the rotary motion given by the rifling could not help increasing the accuracy of the shot in hitting its mark.

Wallace Farwell, of *Naumkeag* memory, had been appointed gunner's mate, and I supposed he would have charge of one of the brass guns; but not so. Just as our flag had been given to the breeze, Capt. Matthews touched me upon the shoulder and said to me:

"Becket, while on board the English man-of-war did you give the same attention to gunnery that you generally give to a science that interests you?"

"Yes, sir," I told him.

"Then into your hands I give the brass gun upon the poop. You are its captain, and I expect that you will make it give a good account of itself."

Had he come and told me that I was third officer of the brig I should not have been so proud and so happy. I accepted the trust most gratefully, and promised to do my best.

The first thing the sloop-of-war did after our bunting was shaken out was to signalize to the merchantmen, whereupon they came up to the wind with their maintopsails aback. John Head was in the foretop with a glass, and he soon reported that the Englishman was preparing for action. As near as we could see he carried twenty guns, and probably had somewhere about a hundred and twenty men,—perhaps not so many, for the English convoys of those times were not apt to be full-manned, the government finding it difficult to obtain seamen.

However, it was not only evident that the Englishman meant to fight us; but that she intended to run down and whip us "out of hand," and then allow her charges to come along. He apparently had no thought that the trim-looking, yacht-like Yankee brig could hold him much of a battle.

And now for Jotham Whitmarsh to test not only his skill, but the virtue of his guns.

During this time the gunner had been fitting his match, and setting the elevating screw to suit him; and now he was ready for a trial. The brig was already about as near to the wind as she could comfortably sail—within five and a half points—and as the sloop of war was directly ahead, it became necessary to let the brig's head off a little, so that the gun might be brought to bear. Jotham watched the range of the piece, and at the proper time he ordered the helmsman to "hold her so." In a few moments more he got his aim and fired.

Capt. Matthews stood in the weather fore-chains with his telescope, and presently he reported:

"Ah, Jotham, you were too fearful. You allowed too much for weakness altogether. Your shot went clean over the ship and struck directly in her wake."

"Did it?" cried the old man, with a glad look.

"It did, surely. I saw it drop as plainly as could be."

"Then," cried Jotham, "I'll soon have a bit of iron aboard that 'ere craft."

He loaded again with a conical, leather-cased ball, as before; and the ball fitted so nicely, with its oiled jacket, that it drove down the whole distance without a perceptible jar or jerk of any kind. This time the gun was not elevated so much; and, at my suggestion, he depressed the muzzle two or three inches after he had the screw set. I took the ground that it was best, if we could not commence at a sure range, to begin too low, and then rise, because thus we are not only enabled to determine more nearly the breadth of our mistake, but, if it be a line shot, a ricocheting ball may be a source of much damage to an enemy.

Again Jotham fired—that is, Jotham stooped behind his piece and told his man when to apply the match—and this time the captain uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"Hi, my boy! you've sent a shot through the fore top-gallant sail, only it's a little to the wind'rd of the mast. Keep it up. We'll show him a specimen of Yankee gunnery."

Whitmarsh had just got the third shot rammed home when a cry from John Head, who was still in the fore-top, caused a general suspension of business.

"Her maintopgallant-mast has gone!" was John's report.

Matthews clapped his telescope to his eye, and discovered the same thing. The last shot, passing clear of the foremast, had hit the main, probably very near the topmost crosstrees.

It will be understood that we were nearing each other very fast, seeing that we were sailing directly towards each other, and by the time the bow gun was loaded the fourth time, the Englishman had brailed up his courses, and was preparing to present his broadside; but before he did this Jotham got one more shot, taking time for a careful aim, even at the risk of being raked.

"Fire!" he shouted, when he had got the range to suit him.

The Beauty poured forth her belch of fire and smoke once more, and Capt. Matthews leaped in over the rail with a loud huzza as he saw the splinters fly in a cloud from the sloop's foremast. The mast still stood, but it was evident that it had been so severely wounded that it could not bear much strain, and we entered into the engagement with the belief that the mast was liable to topple at any moment. It had been struck about midway between the deck and the top.

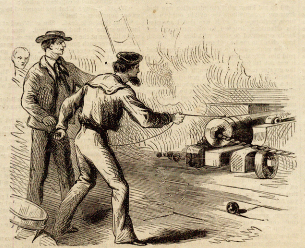
"Ready about!" ordered the captain as soon as he reached the deck; and in a very brief space of time we were upon the wind, on the larboard tack, with our maintopsail aback, which evolution brought us upon the same tack with the Englishman, our broadsides presented to each other; only we were slightly astern, but not enough to amount to anything of advantage or disadvantage. The distance between us must have been very near half a mile.

Her only hope was so to cripple us as to be able to hold us at her mercy. If she could not do that, she could do nothing. I should have said, while telling about our first broadsides, that the sloop tried hard to run us on board; but that, of course, we could not permit. We should have been foolish to have permitted a hand-to-hand encounter while we had it in our power to hold the enemy off and whip him at our leisure.

"By the gods!" gasped Capt. Matthews, fairly paling as he spoke—for he stood close by my gun, which I was cooling, and I saw his face plainly, "that fellow is stark, staring mad. We must have cut him up terribly. Look at his bulwarks. My God! why don't he surrender. I don't want to kill so many. I don't like it."

"It's his confounded John Bull temper," said Colver. "He knows we're a privateer, and he can't bear the thought of surrendering while there is a chance left of cutting away our masts, which he seems bound to do if he can."

Yes,—Capt. Matthews was really growing heart-sick with the thought of the work our grape and canister must be doing. But he could not hold up. He saw the plan of the enemy, and his own safety depended upon bringing the Englishman to terms as quickly as possible. Already our foremost had been wounded twice, and two or three round shot had grazed the main; but the injury was not serious.



Our object in coming-to at that distance was to try the effect of the brass guns, and also to force the enemy to present us his bows for raking should he conclude to lessen the distance.

And now it came my turn to try my hand. O, how I patted that bright gun; and how I loved it! and I inwardly resolved that I would do it no discredit. I understood thoroughly the manner in which the different kinds of shot had been prepared for it, so I went at the work with confidence. The sloop-of-war gave us a broadside just as I had got the first charge rammed home; but her gunners had been wild in their aim, for those balls which came in a line with the brig—there were not more than three of them—passed entirely over us.

Fiddy Cummings held my match, and stood ready to apply it. I had watched very carefully the elevation of Jotham's gun when he had fired, and having watched the flight of four balls, I was enabled to judge very nearly as to the capacity of the piece.

"How now, Becket?" demanded the captain, who had just turned from stationing the crews of the larboard broadside guns.

"I'm going to try and bring down that foremast, sir."

"Right,—and good luck to you," said he.

And I thought he looked as though he didn't believe I could do it. Once more I looked to my elevation, and I felt morally certain that if I made a line shot I would hit the mast somewhere between the truck and the deck. "*Ready!*" I said to Fiddy. Then I watched (for be it understood that these brass guns were furnished with the most approved sights,) until the pin's head in the globe of the muzzle covered the old wound in the enemy's foremast, and then—

"Fire!"

Fiddy had his match in a snapping blaze, and the word of command had no sooner left my lips than the priming was ablaze. For a few seconds the smoke and the din of the report was all I could realize; but presently I heard the voice of John Head, who had gone up the main rigging with a glass on purpose to watch the effect of my shot, and he said,—"Ho! you've done it!"

The foremast of the ship had gone by the board, broken off where Jotham's shot had wounded it; and that was the point at which I had aimed; but I had not hit there. My shot had struck—so John said—in the top. However, the mast was gone, and the ship was now completely at our mercy; as, with everything gone forward of the mainmast, and also minus her main topgallant sail, it was impossible for her to bear away so as to prevent our raking. Our first movement, while the crew of the Englishman were clearing away the wreck of the mast, was to fill away our main-topsail; run ahead a little way; and then tack, and run across her forefoot, where we lay and opened our broadside upon her, Jotham and I serving her with stands of grape, which were terrible things. Each stand was thirteen inches long, and contained from ninety to one hundred and twenty iron balls averaging an inch in diameter. Some of them were different—containing not more than twenty balls, of large diameter.*

No matter which way the sloop-of-war worked, we maintained our raking position, though two or three times we were forced to go about in order to do so. But then we would have done that at any rate, for the iron guns upon one side got so hot at length that on more than one occasion the gun discharged itself the moment the thumb-stall was taken from the vent. Our brass guns, however, did not heat as did the iron ones; though I had to wait once for mine to cool.

During all this time the Englishman never opened more than four guns upon us at the same time, and that was only while we were changing our position. Either her two bow guns, or the two stern chasers, were all she could bring to bear upon us; and yet she held on and fired away with those two pieces with all her might; and I'll tell you what she was trying to do: She was letting drive chain-shot and double-headers at our rigging, with once in a while a solid shot which we could plainly see was aimed at our masts. It was easy enough to read her intent.

With our standing rigging, however, the case was different. Quite a number of our shrouds and stays had been shot away, and there had been several round shot put through our side near the water line; but our stoppers had been at hand for the first, and plugs were ready for the latter.

My gun had cooled, and I was just giving the crew directions for another stand of grape, when Mr. Colver, who stood near me, took out his watch, and called the time—half-past one. As he spoke, my eye was attracted by a fluttering at the enemy's peak, and I saw his flag coming down.

"In with a solid shot," I ordered.

"For what?" queried Fiddy, who was just ready to huzza.

"We may have to bring those merchantmen to," I answered.

And it proved that I was right; for both the rascals tried to run away from us, in answer to signals from their convoy; but they did not accomplish their purpose. A few of our leather-cased acorns brought them to, and they surrendered with as good grace as possible.

Of our own men during that action we had but one killed outright. Three were mortally wounded with splinters, and twelve so seriously wounded as to be laid up a while from duty.

We found the ship to be His Britannic Majesty's sloop-of-war *Dorset*; and when we boarded her she was in a sinking condition, though many of us believed that she had been scuttled by her own crew. How many of her crew were killed, we never knew. We found ten dead bodies only when we boarded her; and there were only sixty living ones. They must have buried many; hastily lashed them in hammocks, with a shot at the feet, and thrown them overboard to leeward. We were sure that thirty, at least, had been disposed of in this way. The captain's name was Gordon; and, when he found that the Yankee captain was a kind-hearted gentleman, and that his crew were to be treated with all possible kindness, he submitted with a good grace, and even went so far as to compliment the crew of the brig upon their gunnery.

Before night, the sloop-of-war had sank from sight; the two brigs were brought up and placed in charge of prize crews; and then, together, we set sail for home, where we arrived safely on the fifteenth of October, having been absent just twelve days. And our capture was a most valuable one in two ways. As most of the cargoes of our prizes were naval stores, we were not only enabled to furnish our own government with much-needed supplies, but we deprived the enemy of just so much bone and sinew upon which he had depended for carrying on the war.

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* These were somewhat different from the ordinary "stand of grape" of the present day, the balls being very much smaller, and vastly more of them. Jotham made them by first cutting out his wooden sabot; then nailing a piece of stout canvass around that, so that it formed a wooden bottom to a canvass bag. This bag was then very carefully and neatly filled with shot; the top gathered in and secured; then the whole regularly cross-bound with siezing-stuff, and properly painted.

* * *

CENTRAL PARK AND BOSTON COMMON.

I don't know what would become of New York had it not its Paradise in the Central Park. I never go there without blessing its originator, and wishing it might be re-baptized with a more suggestive and prettier name. But never mind names. In its lovely October dress, with its sparkling lake, and drooping willows, its white swans, its lovely velvet greensward; the myriads of sweet children alighting here and there, in their bits of gay dresses, like little humming-birds or orioles, with happy mothers and fathers who have left their cares and frets in the city, and come there to be young again for too brief an hour, with the little ones; all this is a picture to feast the eye and gladden the heart. In one respect Central Park might borrow a hint from Boston Common. *There* the *little children* are allowed to run upon the grass at *all* times; not on certain days of the month or week as in the Central Park. Said a bright little child of six the other day, when asked if it would like to go to the Central Park: "No! (emphatically) *no!* I don't want *to waste my time going* where they won't let me step on the grass."

I sometimes wish that the policemen on duty there—so Argus-eyed to arrest the tiny shoe when temptation is too strong for childhood cooped within city limits—would bestow some of their notice upon the *men loafers* who stretch themselves at *full length* upon benches, occupying them to the exclusion of the children; puffing vile tobacco, and making a spittoon of the path through which ladies pass. It strikes me there might be an improvement on the straining-at-a-gnat and swallowing-a-camel system now in vogue there.

To return to Boston, which I always like to do occasionally: that city *needs* not our Central Park drives, with its lovely and easily accessible environs. Here in New York one does not *get* to the environs until it is time to come home; what with clogged streets, and ferry-boats, and Babel-hindrances too numerous to mention, such as scratched sides of the pet carriage, and often-recurring "locked wheels," the fright of prostrate horses, and the music of profanity from the lips of hurried and irate drivers of teams, and drays in every direction. All this is death to the repose one seeks in "a drive." *Therefore* we New Yorkers love our quiet, accessible Central Park. May its boundaries be limitless as our tax bills! I couldn't say more. But my first love—that dear old gem of a Boston Common! How happy were the Saturday and Wednesday afternoons, when, under the blessed old school system, before children were forced on grammar and geography, like hot-house plants,—and we had short forenoon and *afternoon* sessions, with the exception of the above-mentioned holidays; how happy were the afternoons I spent there, picking buttercups, and blowing off thistle-down "to see if our mothers wanted us at home;" which, by the way, was sure to be answered in the negative. And as to the Frog-Pond—what was the Atlantic ocean to that? On the Atlantic ocean, they had dreadful shipwrecks; on the Boston Frog-Pond, we sent out our tiny ventures, sure to find safe arrivals when we ran 'round the other side of the Pond. And the big Tree—hooped all 'round like a modern belle—with what big eyes of wonder we looked up into its branches, as our elders told us wonderful stories of what it had seen in its long, eventful life. And *now* there are many big trees where *little* ones used to stand. Bless me! it shows how old I must be; just as it does to go back there and meet in the street some radiant, fresh young girl, "the very image of her mother," with whom I used to play buttercups, on Saturday afternoons. There are the same bright eyes, and lovely hair, and smiling lips—bless me, how old I *really* must be! and why don't I walk with a stick?

And then I laugh as I look up to Boston State-House and its awe-inspiring dome of our childhood; and recal the "members of the Legislature," crawling up and down stairs and galleries, like great black ants; and think of the terrific "*Inquisition*" doings which we used to be sure *must* be going on inside those wonderful halls, and to which Blue-Beard's locked apartment was nothing. Oh, it is all very funny now, when I go there; and, though I sit on a seat in the Common and try to conjure all the myriad hours, and days, and years, between then and now, and try to feel like the second Methusaleh I am, I declare to you I never can do it,—but, instead, catch myself trotting off home, under the trees, as briskly as a squirrel. I suppose, some day, I shall be dead though, for all that.

FANNY FERN.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FREE INQUIRER wants to know what we think of the alleged miracles performed by a French Zouave in Paris, who is said to heal diseases by simply looking at the patients. The other day this Zouave was a poor private soldier; now, thanks to the sensation journals of Paris, he has a large establishment, gives audience to multitudes of the lame, the blind, the paralytic, &c., &c., and lives in clover. Persons whose cases have defied the skill of the best surgeons in France flock to his residence, and—so the story goes—he cures them with a wink! Marshal Forey, it is stated (but *not* by Marshal Forey) went to him a cripple; but on Jacob (that is the Phenomenon's name) telling him to walk, he jumped up nimbly and "took a stroll in the garden!" Paralytics catching sight of him at a distance toss their crutches into the air and dance. So *the papers* state. He cannot help it, he says. The man is *magnetic*—that's what's the matter with him. Nearly all the miracles performed by the Messiah are said to have been repeated by Jacob the Zouave! And our correspondent, whose sympathies are evidently against Christianity, wants to know what we have to say to all this. We say, in the first place, that every sensible reader knows that these are impious falsehoods; and we say, in the second place, that nothing can be more easy than to make the lame walk and the blind see, in Paris. The police do it every day. Numbers of the professional beggars who infest the streets of the large European cities, imploring wayfarers to "pity the blind" or "help the poor cripple" are impostors. What more easy than to cure them? Jacob the Zouave has only to pay them for their time and trouble, and of course they will rush to his "saloons" to throw away their crutches and unseal their eyes. The next day they can come out in a new role. What knave could desire a cheaper medium of advertising? Jacob has no need to fee the newspapers. They give him "first-rate notices" gratis. Anything to make a sensation; for a Paris journal is like a Mother Carey's chicken—its element is tempest.

CANADIAN.—It is frequently said that no Englishman can enjoy himself without grumbling and fault-finding, and you seem to exemplify the truthfulness of the remark. Your howl over the present "slowness of the mails from Quebec to New York and Liverpool," and your glorification of the "good old-fashioned times when a man knew just what he could depend upon," are thoroughly British and no doubt gave you much enjoyment. But your "grumble" comes of a sad lack of information both as to the present and the past. In a Canadian statistical work we find the following letter by the Postmaster-General of the Canadas some 79 years ago, by which it appears that postal service in those "good old-fashioned times" was slower than a tortoise. The letter reads as follows: "Quebec, 13th November, 1788.—General Post-Office for His Majesty's Provinces of North America.—A mail for England will be closed at this office on Monday, the 8th December, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon; it will be forwarded to Montreal on Thursday, the 11th of that month, to be put on board His Majesty's Packet-boat, which will sail from New York for Falmouth on Wednesday, the 7th January next. * * * * Hugh Findlay, Postmaster-General." So it seems that in those "good old-fashioned times" the mail was closed at Quebec three days before its departure, and that it took a full month to reach New York. How long it was in going to England we will leave our correspondent to conjecture.

H. W. says: "Please permit me, through the columns of the *Ledger*, to offer a word of consolation and advice to my distressed, worthy brother, 'G. T.,' of Boston, who gave us such a sad and painful history of his life since his unfortunate marriage with his intemperate wife. His situation is truly an embarrassing [illegible]ne, and one, too, being of a chronic nature, that will [illegible] extremely difficult to rid himself of. To have an [illegible]erate *man* in the family is bad enough, for it [illegible]ow to all the other members thereof, (I [illegible] endure—to tell); but to have a drunken *woman* to [illegible] children—to ha[illegible] a bloated *mother* to disgrace her [illegible] harass her husband [illegible] staggering and beastly *wife* to [illegible] their cup of sorrow. [illegible] would not only fill but overflow [illegible]pered as Western men [illegible]T.' cannot be as high-tem[illegible] committed some desperate[illegible] he would certainly have [illegible] have Houses of Refuge for c[illegible] long ago. Here we [illegible] of Refuge for drunken women. [illegible] and *other* Houses [illegible] of my friend, af[illegible] became conv[illegible]ere in the place [illegible] was determined to pursue her ill-c[illegible]that my wife would most assuredly rid [illegible] her by plac[illegible] habits, I [illegible] in one of the last-named asylums. It seems to me that Boston is not adapted for a man to live happily in his circumstances, anyway. Let him take his children, come West, settle down and be happy. He can soon earn a home here, and be able after a while to rest from his labors."

E. C.—The distance from Quebec to Liverpool, by way of the straits of Belle Isle is laid down as 2583 miles, and by Cape Race as 2830 miles. From New York to Liverpool the distance is laid down as 2980 miles; so that, in order to make the passage in ten days, a vessel would have to make just 298 miles a day, on a direct course, which would be a trifle less than 12½ miles an hour. It is seldom, however, that a sailing vessel can keep on a direct course; more frequently, it is driven by adverse winds and storms far from the track, and has to sail hundreds of miles further than a steamer would have to go in the same unfavorable weather.

G. W. K.—It is difficult to give your society such information as will enable it to "come to some definite conclusion as to how our Indian troubles are to be settled." There are great difficulties in the way of their settlement. The noble savage is not as modest as he might be. He wants the Pacific Railroad stopped and the soldiers in the Indian country withdrawn. This is Bismarck talk; but our savage neighbors have been very successful in their murderous raids of late, and are playing "big Ingen" on the strength of it. Their request cannot be complied with. It will be a work of time to thrash them into a reasonable frame of mind, but we cannot arrest the iron-horse on his oceanward journey, even though his advent on the plains may scare the buffaloes. Our government does not desire to exterminate the Indians,—far from it; but if they *will* make themselves food for powder, there is no help for it. As to civilizing them, that seems hopeless. We have tried reservations, annuities, big talks, starvation, slaughter, presents, missionaries, schoolmasters, whiskey, tobacco,—yet they are just as uncivilized as in the days of King Philip, if not more so. They will not fraternize with us. They prefer being "driven toward the setting sun," which, as a Western humorist observes, is "bad for the setting sun." If they would only turn their tomahawks into plow-shares, hoes, and spades they would do well enough; but they are hereditarily lazy, and it is impossible to wake them up to the "nobility of labor" as long as there are buffaloes to hunt, horses and mules to steal, and white settlers' throats to cut. The panthers of the forest are not more untameable than they. They have had their wrongs, no doubt of that; but, on the other hand, the white man has his rights, and, what is equally to the purpose, he has the strength to enforce them. The Pacific Railroad will move on, and so must the "noble savage."

FARMER BOY.—You had a right to shoot the ferocious dog which attacked you and bit you in the arm. The owner of the dog is foolish to talk about shooting the person who killed the brute. He would of course stand an excellent chance of being hanged if he should do such a thing. However, it would not be discreet for you to inform him of the fact that you killed the dog, and so claim the $25 reward which he has offered for the name of the destroyer of his favorite. He may be as great a brute, and as ferocious a one as his dog was, and might shoot you in his rage, or contrive in some way to inflict a bodily injury upon you. It is never worth while for a boy to court danger, or to awaken towards himself the animosity of a half-civilized ruffian.

E. M. L.—The "intelligent circle" to which you refer must be composed of very stupid or uninformed people, if they "tenaciously maintain that Thomas Jefferson was only a very ordinary man, and has no real claims to the lasting respect and admiration of the American people." Jefferson was one of our very greatest men. His crowning distinction was that *he understood and believed in the* PEOPLE—*the masses*. He was in very truth an out and out republican, or democrat, (not in the partisan meaning, but in the broad political and philosophical sense of those terms,) and about the only one, if not absolutely *the* only one, of any prominence in the early days which followed the War of Independence.

T. AND C.—Fighting hand to hand with sabres or cutlasses in battles on land is not against the rules of civilized warfare, as your friend maintains in the sense which he intends to convey—that is to say, it is not considered barbarous, or uncivilized, or in any manner unfair. On the contrary, it is always practiced in cavalry encounters, when both parties stand (or ride) up to the scratch. In infantry battles, fighting hand to hand with sabres or cutlasses is not practiced, for the same reason that bows and arrows have been discarded—namely, because it is no longer effective. An army of infantry armed with sabres and cutlasses would stand a poor chance against one armed with muskets and bayonets.

H. X.—The troubles and disputes which you and your fellow-students have been led into in regard to the history of Cleopatra have probably arisen from the fact that there are no less than *seven* Cleopatras known to history, and you have got the events of their lives rather mixed up. By referring to some classical dictionary or encyclopedia you can read up on the subject, and learn just what the facts are and where your troubles come from. The Cleopatra that Shakspeare draws in his tragedy of "Antony and Cleopatra" was the seventh of that name, and the most famous of them all, and is *the* Cleopatra who is usually referred to when that name is mentioned.

LANSING, N. Y.—It is evidently useless for us to *advise* "the rich, benevolent, patient, mild and Christian lady" to whom you refer, who has everything in the world to make her happy, but a companion. It is not *advice* that she wants, but *confirmation of her own wishes*. She wants to marry the young man whom she loves, and she does *not* want to marry "the other man," whom she does not like, but whom her friends (with that perversity which friends are so apt to exhibit in such matters) persist in advising her to marry. She will certainly marry the man who is her junior, and the old man will have to take his heart and hand to some other market.

LONI.—If you want to become "thoroughly acquainted with all history, ancient, modern and American," you will have to do a good deal of reading. If books are scarce in your wild region, you should read any histories that you can get hold of. When you get an opportunity to make selections, you should read Grote's History of Greece, Niebuhr's Rome, Hallam's Middle Ages, and all the histories of England and the United States that you can find. You can not get all the truth out of any one of them; but by reading the works of various authors and comparing one with another you can approximate the truth.

F. T.—By a "full pension" is meant the highest amount to which any one is entitled in the class or rank to which the pensioner belongs; and by a "half pension" is meant half that amount. For example: if you belong to a class to whose members the highest pension awarded is $16 a month, then when one of that class gets a pension of $16 a month, he receives a "full pension," and one of the same class who should get only $8 a month would get a "half pension." We use these figures merely for purposes of illustration, and not as denoting the exact amounts which any class of pensioners get.

A. B.—Your knowledge of human nature must be very limited if you suppose there is any way by which it is possible for a man to break off going with a young lady against her will, with whom he has been keeping company, so that she will have no hard feelings towards him. You might as well try to find some way by which you could apply a red-hot iron to her bare cheek without causing her physical pain. If you want to break off your intimacy with her, you must do so and take all risks, so far as giving offence is concerned.

BUCKSFORT.—Whether or not "a girl can marry at eighteen, in the State of Maine," would mainly depend, we suppose, on her chances for perpetrating such an act. There is no legal obstacle to a girl's marrying, as a general thing, at that age, in Maine, or, so far as we know, in any country in Christendom; although in some countries a legal barrier is sometimes placed upon the marriage of a girl under twenty-one years of age, for some special reason which is only applicable to her individual case.

C. T. M.—As a warning to other correspondents, we will state that your letter is written with such pale ink, and in so microscopic a hand as to render the reading of it a greater task on the eyesight than can be endured by the generality of the human race. Correspondents should write on white paper, with good black ink, and in a legible hand—the coarser and the plainer the better.

HARLEM.—If you are of age, and earning a good living, why did you enter into a secret marriage? Such a proceeding was unjust to the woman whom you married. You should make the real state of the case known at once not only to your parents, but also to all your friends and to your wife's also.

MAINE.—The "title of Miss" is not usually "applied to a divorced woman." Such a woman properly writes herself down a *Mrs.*, even when she resumes her maiden name. Fanny Kemble Butler, for example, since her divorce, has always called herself Mrs. Francis Kemble.

FRIENDSHIP.—Having trod on the young lady's dress and torn it so badly as to spoil it, it will not only be proper for you to get her a new one, but it is your duty to do so. The dress which you get for her should be fully as good as the one was which you spoilt.

H. A. S.—Your efforts to find out the "exact location" of Heaven and of the infernal regions will never be rewarded with success while you remain in the flesh. Such supernal geography cannot be studied to advantage in this world.

C. C.—The composer of the operas known as "The Prophet," and "The Huguenots," was Meyerbeer. The author of "La Sonnambula," was Bellini. Every man must decide for himself what opera is the best.

, _Several letters stand over to be answered in our next._